





Book of Words
THE PAGEANT
OF
VIRGINIA



PRICE FIFTY CENTS

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The Pageant of Virginia

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

Director of the Pageant



The Virginia Historical Pageant Association

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FOREWORD

The Pageant of Virginia, as given in this book, and presented at Richmond in May, 1922, is in large measure the result of the untiring effort and enthusiasm of the Secretary of the Virginia Historical Pageant Association, Mr. W. B. Criddle. To him the author desires to make the fullest acknowledgment for invaluable advice and suggestion, and for the generous manner in which Mr. Criddle has placed at his disposal the historical data he had collected.

Most grateful acknowledgments are also due to the members of the Book Committee, for the most helpful and sympathetic co-operation, and for active assistance in the selection of the episodes and the exploration of historical sources; also to Mr. C. Custer Robinson and the members of his committee, for the skilful solution of many technical problems in the preparation of the grounds, and in scenery and lighting.

The scenes are, for the most part, faithful condensations of the recorded crises in the story of Virginia. Many of them, by their larger implications, represent crises in the history of the nation as well. Even in the five episodes presented by cities outside of Richmond, the interest is never merely local. Most of the scenes incorporate the actual words spoken on the various occasions, as far as they are recorded. In one case a scene is given, somewhat altered, from the author's Pageant of the Old Northwest—none the less a Virginia scene for its taking place on the banks of the Mississippi; and certain lines and choruses in the Epilogue have been previously presented, and are here incorporated by consent of the Book and Music Committees.

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

Richmond, May 1, 1922.

STATEMENT BY
THE BOOK COMMITTEE

The episodes chosen to represent the outline of the History of Virginia in this Pageant have been selected and approved by this Committee. The dramatic design and treatment of the material has been left to the author; but all condensations and variations from the literal facts of history, made in the interest of dramatic effect and to save time in performance, have been by our consent. We believe the Pageant as here given represents justly the spirit of the Chronicle of Virginia.

LYON G. TYLER, *Chairman.*

The Prologue

"VIRGINIA"

The trumpets sound a triple flourish; the stage appears set for the entrance of Queen Elizabeth; there is a throne for her, facing a decorated masque stage; the court is already gathered. They kneel as she enters on Lord Burghley's arm. Again the trumpets, as she reaches the throne and turns. The court and people cry "Long live the Queen." As she sits, Raleigh kneels before her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What's here? A masque, Sir Walter?

RALEIGH

A masque—a prophecy.

THE QUEEN

That likes us better. What doth it foretell?

RALEIGH

It deals with far, strange countries: even those
Where, by my Sovereign's grace and God's, I hope
To set new vines of England's stock to bloom,
New oaks of England's pasture to uprear;
Even America.

THE QUEEN

America? Well, we will see your masque.

RALEIGH

Our prophecy. And to its aid we call
Sea wonders from beyond the ocean isles,
Strange, sweet and wild, and sometimes tragical,
Like winds that in the cordage of your ships
Make prosperous music or tumultuous wreck.
But you shall see. You gave me right and charter
For the transplanting of your subjects thither.
I have made search, not of those icy coasts
Where yester-year my brother's ship went down
And he took sea-way as the shortest road
To Heaven, but to the southward, where the land
Smiles and is filled with orient plenty.

THE QUEEN

Southward? Yet well within the boundaries
Of our permission?—look you.

RALEIGH

I would not any sail of mine should cross
The limits of your Majesty's decree.

THE QUEEN

We guard our patents jealously—

RALEIGH

And we.

For well we know the eyes that watch our track
Even on the ocean's face.

[*With a look at the Spanish Ambassador.*]

THE QUEEN

Lands undiscovered, by no Christian prince,
We said, now ruled or 'habited.

[*Lord Burghley nods in assent.*]

RALEIGH

I know

Full well the words. And those whom I send thither
Shall live with free and ample privilege
As if still resident in England's self.
We have not over-strayed.

ZUNIGA [*The Spanish Ambassador.*]

For Spain my voice, you Majesty.
I fear me of this tale. My Sovereign
By long inheritance and the will of Rome
Doth hold these shores in fee. . . .Our Florida.

RALEIGH

Not these, my lord.

ZUNIGA

Peace reigns, and shall reign
Between our nations. Those are dangerous coasts,
Where you have harbored.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

[*stepping forward, with Howard, to a place beside
Raleigh.*]

We will make them safe,
If't please your Majesty.

RALEIGH

Peace reigns. I say no more.

DRAKE

Peace reigned 'twixt you
And France when Ribaut fell, on those same shores
With all his people—

ZUNIGA

They were trespassers.
Those coasts are stormy.

DRAKE

We know well the storm
That clouds so black to southward even now—
About where Cadiz lies, my lord——

THE QUEEN

Peace, peace, Sir Francis. . . Gentle Raleigh, say
Is this your masque of ancient moonshine spun,
Or bring you new discoveries?

DRAKE

Now damn the masque—but bring your Captains in—
I pray your Majesty forgive me.

THE QUEEN

Forgive? We echo you, Sir Francis.

*[Raleigh beckons to people of his group. Lord
Burghley speaks to the Queen.]*

BURGHLEY

Is it well, your Majesty?—

THE QUEEN

We do believe so.

[Amidas, Barlow, and a few others come forward, bringing two Indians.]

Old sea-dogs these. We love to look on such.

[The Captains kneel, the Indians remain standing aloof and silent.]

RALEIGH

These be my Captains, Amidas and Barlow.
But now returned from your new provinces.

THE QUEEN

Stand up, stout seamen. Give us now your tale.

AMIDAS

Your Majesty, we are not used to speak in courts.
Forgive our plainness. At Sir Walter's lay,
We made sail westward. Touched the Canaries,
And the Bermoothes. Then the main, well north
O' the Spaniards' shambles—

ZUNIGA

Your Majesty will pardon me—

THE QUEEN

Go on.

AMIDAS

We found good harborage, and pleasant lands,
Warm and well watered, forested and fertile;
The grapes in bearing—ay, a fragrant shore,
Wi' scarlet birds, and flowers all wild and rich;
The people well disposed—These two we brought
By consent of the King of the country.

THE QUEEN

The King?

AMIDAS

We called him so, your Majesty.

THE QUEEN

They do not bow the knee to us.

AMIDAS

'Tis not their custom.

THE QUEEN

You should instruct them.

AMIDAS

Madam, we will.

[She dismisses the Captains with a gesture.]

RALEIGH

This is the land, your Majesty, where I
Would plant my little England.

SOUTHAMPTON

*[Who with a younger group, including Sandys
and Shakespeare, has been listening eagerly.]*

A moment, Majesty.

If this—this golden land, this shore, this Eden,
If it's to be, in the full round of time,
A place for all who find our England burdensome,
For those whose spirits need these scarlet wings
To make them rise, and those whose hearts that rove
Still backward look with love and loyalty,—
Why, this were prophecy indeed.

THE QUEEN

So Raleigh said.

Your Masque, Sir Walter, straight.

*[Raleigh nods to Shakespeare, who takes his
station by the masque stage, and gives the sig-
nal to begin.]*

*The Spirit of the New Land enters; she is
dressed like the classical Iris, but wears a fea-
thered Indian crown.]*

What's she?

RALEIGH

The Spirit of the Virgin Land.

*[The Spirit beckons, and is surrounded by dan-
cers bearing the riches of the new land—grapes
and grain, feathered robes and gold.]*

*Neptune now enters with his train of sea spirits
bearing shells of pearls, and winged fish, and
bright sea flowers.]*

THE QUEEN

Old Ocean loves her well.

RALEIGH

As we love him.

[Neptune's people, having deposited their gifts, retire.]

From the other side of the stage comes a group, unmistakably Spaniards. They march in haughtily and the Spirit of the Land, in fright, sends off her maidens. The leader of the Spaniards tries to seize her, and catches at the great rope of pearls about her neck. She eludes him. He pursues.]

ZUNIGA

Your majesty, I do protest—

THE QUEEN

I see not why, My lord, if we are pleased.

[The Spirit of the Land beckons imperiously, and a group of Calibans, figures of terror, wrath and pestilence, approach. They touch the Spanish leader, and he falls back in the arms of his followers. Stricken mysteriously, they slowly retire from view. The figures of terror disappear, and the rainbow spirit again beckons to her attendant nymphs. They circle around her a moment. She waits. Neptune returns, conducting an English group led by a figure of Gloriana—an idealized Elizabeth in half armor. With her comes an Enchanter—like Prospero. Neptune disappears. The Spirit of the land at first draws away from the new comers, and beckons to the shapes of terror, who surge

around them. The Enchanter and Gloriana stand firm, he shielding her with his magic staff, which is presently seen to exercise control over them. The shapes of terror retire, amazed. The Enchanter steps forward and offers the Spirit his lamp of learning. She pauses, fascinated.

THE QUEEN

What's this?

RALEIGH

Light unto darkness, madam.

[The Spirit takes the lamp, lifts it, and her dancing gift bearers re-appear, laying their offerings at Gloriana's feet. The Spirit now comes forward and kneels at Gloriana's feet offering her crown.]

THE QUEEN

And what means this?

RALEIGH

The new land's Spirit is
To England her fifth crown, her youngest child.

THE QUEEN *[rising triumphantly,]*
And England takes the crown, and christens her
Virginia.

[The Prologue vanishes]

The Colony

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

[*The Enchanter of the Prologue*]

Folk of Virginia: forward from the hour
When first Virginia's name rang clear, I cast
My spells upon the night wind. What is Time,
That he should master us? Or Memory,
That she should set her finger to her lips
And steal away. To-night my mystery
Shall bring them both to serve you. I am Time
And I am Memory. And I will make
The mighty deeds and dreams that they have locked
Into gray volumes of the prisoned past
Flame forth anew; and you who yield your hearts
Unto my spell shall see them as they march,
Gilded with life and light: and century
By century shall pass, and dream by dream.

I.

THE LANDING

The stage must serve, at the outset, for all the land of Virginia. From the left, a mound or mole of earth extends to the centre; beyond this knoll the land falls away; then rises again, heavily thicketed in places, to a bank; beyond this bank is a dark space—perhaps a river. As we watch this landscape rise out of night into dawn, our eyes are caught by moving lights, far off; under them the bulk of a small ship comes gradually into view; another, and another. These ships bear slowly toward us, and the largest one slackens way, as if on our side of a broad stream. There is a clatter of anchor chains; in the growing light we see men swarming down the vessel's

sides. A moment later they re-appear, coming up over the bank, to the stage itself; first the company of the *Sarah Constant*, led by Captain Newport and Mr. Hunt; then that of the *Discovery*, led by Captain Ratcliffe; and last that of the *Goodspeed* led by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold. As the men come ashore they seem to experience a great relief—a joy in their deliverance from the toil and confinement of long voyages. They set up a cross; and gather around Captain Newport and Mr. Hunt, baring their heads reverently as the pastor speaks.

ROBERT HUNT: Most gracious Lord, whose mercy is over all thy works: We praise thy holy Name that thou hast been pleased to conduct in safety, through the perils of the great deep, these thy servants May they be duly sensible of thy merciful providence towards them, and ever express their thankfulness by a holy trust in thee and obedience to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

[The men respond with a deep Amen; then, chanting,]

O come, let us give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth forever.

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised; let the redeemed of the Lord say so: whom he hath delivered from the merciless rage of the sea.

[Mr. Hunt closes his book. Captain Newport steps forward.]

NEWPORT: In the name of God, Amen. Now having so far performed my commission to bring you to this Virginia, it is my further duty to lay before you the commands of his blessed Majesty King James by the grace of God. His commands are inclosed in this box, under the King's private seal. Which now, pursuant of mine

orders from the Council of the London Company, I break.

[Captain Newport breaks the seal, and takes out a document, handing the box meanwhile to Captain Gosnold. He reads.]

To be of the Council of the plantation in Virginia: Master Edward Wingfield, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, Captain John Smith—

[There is an uproar among the settlers at the mention of this name, some resenting it and some cheering it. Captain Newport and Captain Gosnold call them to order.]

Captain John Ratcliffe, Captain John Martin, Captain George Kendall. And to these your Council I will deliver all other instructions, both those known to you already and those unknown. But to begin you should choose your President for the first year of the plantation.

[The five Councillors draw apart to confer. George Percy approaches Captain Newport.]

PERCY: Captain, is it just that the President be chosen by these five, and John Smith unconsidered among them?

NEWPORT: That is matter for the Council, not for me, nor for you, Master Percy.

RATCLIFFE: *[The Council group opening,]* For President we have made choice of Master Wingfield.

[There is a polite cheer at the announcement.]

NEWPORT: So be it. To Master Wingfield I deliver all matters in my charge for the Council of the Colony.

GOSNOLD: Stay, Captain Newport. There were other instructions—the river to be searched, so far as it be navigable, before the place of plantation to be chosen.

WINGFIELD: It can be done as well after. They that writ that instruction knew nothing of the weariness and peril of long voyages.

GOSNOLD: Mean you this place for our settlement?

WINGFIELD: Aye.

NEWPORT: This place will serve. The landing is good.

GOSNOLD: It is too low. These marshes may breed fever. I like it not.

ARCHER: Nor I. Yonder point by the little bay were better.

WINGFIELD: Are you of the Council, Captain Archer?

ARCHER: Nay, but what matter?

WINGFIELD: A great matter. These things be for the Council to decide.

PERCY: Let be, Archer. John Smith is of the Council too— and his word goes for less than yours or mine. Yet is he a soldier of great name and repute.

NEWPORT: Master President, for the choosing of the seat of yóur town, I speak not. But for Captain Smith, his case must now be in your hands, not mine. [*He turns to one of his ship's officers.*] Bring Captain Smith ashore.

WINGFIELD: Nay, Captain Newport, I protest. Let him be sent back to London to answer the charges against him.

NEWPORT: No. I will not transport back one of the Council, except by action of the Council, legally taken.
[*Ratcliffe, Wingfield and Martin confer hastily.*]

Smith, in chains, is brought ashore. He listens in silence to what follows, but his bearing is proud in proclamation of his innocence.]

NEWPORT: Captain Smith, be it known to you that your name is among that list of them appointed to be Councilors of this Colony. I surrender your body to the Council.

[An angry murmur from the settlers.]

WINGFIELD: Nought shall be done illegally. Yet shall nought be done in haste, to be regretted after. We are new come to this land. We have need for harmony and obedience, all men laboring for the common good. This John Smith hath contrived of mutiny and sedition amongst you. He hath confederated men in all the ships to strike for the leadership of the colony—

[There are shouts of "Your proof?" "Witnesses!" "A jury!"]

And to testify to this at the proper time, witnesses will be brought. He thinketh himself above and superior to us, and—

PERCY: *[interrupting,]* Doth he wear chains for that? It's youth, man!

WINGFIELD: In good time all things shall be known. We make now these present statements that men may see why a seat in the Council is denied, and shall be denied, to this John Smith. Take him hence.

NEWPORT: Not to my ship. He must remain in your keeping, Master President.

WINGFIELD: As you wish, Captain Newport.

PERCY: We shall need him, yet.

NEWPORT: So, Master President—to our duties. You

have settled upon this spot, and here you bid us unlade my ship?

WINGFIELD: Aye, and in accord with our instructions, and, God willing, with our loyal hearts, we here name this city we are to build, and this river where it shall stand, for his Sovereign Majesty—that they shall hereafter be called James, his City, and the river, the James.

THE SETTLERS: [*loyally,*] Aye, James.

NEWPORT: Good, Master President. Now by your leave I will take the pinnace to go further up this river James. Choose you those of your company to be sent with me.

WINGFIELD: I pray Captain Gosnold to make the choice, remembering the peril of the service.

GOSNOLD: To go up the river and explore how far it be navigable, and to search out and discover its shores, these gentlemen: Master Percy, Captain Archer, Master Brookes, Master Doctor Wotton, and of the lesser sort, a dozen of you. Does this suffice, Captain Newport?

JOHN SMITH: Captain Gosnold, since it is given you to choose, be it known to you that I stand ready.

NEWPORT: I would be glad of his arm. [*He turns to Wingfield, who hesitates.*]

WINGFIELD: I do not know—

SMITH: My arm is as ready for the oar as the sword. Set me to work.

GOSNOLD: Aye, go, in God's name.

WINGFIELD: Loose his irons.

[*Smith is freed and joins Captain Newport.*]

NEWPORT: Let your prayers follow us, Master President, for great discoveries may lie before us. Gold, mayhap, or the way to the South Sea. Who knows! Come, my hearties.

[Captain Newport leads his detachment off down the bank. Captain Kendall approaches Wingfield.]

KENDALL: Master President, I have made note of this island where we stand and its aptness for defense. When the tide is high, the swamp yonder is flooded. A bastion at the neck would serve against attack from the main land and from the river as well.

WINGFIELD: I trust we shall have no need of bastions, Captain Kendall.

KENDALL: No need for a fort, Master President! How shall we defend ourselves if the Indians mislike us?

WINGFIELD: We must so bear ourselves that they will be our friends. And to fortify our town—surely that will look to them unfriendly.

KENDALL: This is folly, Wingfield. Let me have men, and I will set the bastion.

WINGFIELD: There is need for every man to work at the unlading, and to clear for planting; you know how late in the year it is already.

KENDALL: You will not give me men?

WINGFIELD: Not now.

KENDALL: Then with such of the gentlemen as will join me, I will go to the work myself.

WINGFIELD: Captain Kendall, you are of the Council . . . I pass over your words. But see to it that

you dissemble your bastion, that it may not offend the Indians.

GOSNOLD: [*coming to Wingfield on the other side,*] As I feared, the place is damp, and hot as Tophet. Look yonder.

[He indicates some of the men who were sent to unload the ship; they are already weary, and lean on the bales they should be carrying.]

WINGFIELD: The Council must see that this sloth is punished.

GOSNOLD: Sloth! God grant we be alive when winter falls.

[From the mound, and the toiling men, the light fades slowly.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Ere, the year turn, the winter stars arise,
Of these three men, Wingfield the President
Shall be deposed, the sea-worn Gosnold dead,
And Kendall slain for plotted mutiny.
So dark falls Fate upon these three. And Smith
Adventures on strange trails and perilous. Behold!

II SMITH'S ADVENTURE

The light glows sharply on a remote spot at the extreme right of the stage; from the same point come sudden yells, and a pistol shot. There is a rush of red painted bodies; the rush breaks and divides, disclosing Smith, his Indian guide bound to his left arm, surrounded by Opechancanough's warriors. A flight of arrows is seen around him, and a dead Indian is stretched at his feet. He fires his last pistol, and backing toward the bank, sinks deeply into a quagmire. The attack pauses for an instant.

The language of the scene from this point is mainly from the vocabulary of Indian words given by Captain Smith in his "Voyages and Discoveries."

SMITH: Wingapoh. Nettopew. [*Peace, friends.*]

OPECHANCANOUGH: [*Pointing to the dead warrior.*]
Maskapow! Uttasantasough! [*Enemy—Englishman.*]

[With a quick movement, Smith cuts loose his guide and draws his sword. The Indian slips away from him. Smith struggles in the quagmire; the warriors set new arrows to their bow-strings.]

SMITH: What use to fight on? You have me.

[He throws away his sword. The warriors, with a yell, close in and drag him out to solid ground again. He speaks appealingly.]

Nettopew! Mawchick Chammay! [*Friends—my best of friends.*]

OPECHANCANOUGH: Maskapow. Righcomoughes! [*Enemy. Death.*]

SMITH: I understand. Death, you say.

OPECHANCANOUGH: Attonce! [*Arrows.*]

[*The braves draw their bows.*]

SMITH; God be my shield.

[*He draws himself up, as erect and stoical as his opponent. Opechancanough raises his axe, as if to delay the fatal signal.*]

OPECHANCANOUGH: Nemaro! [*A man!*]

[*Smith's hand fumbles an instant at his throat, and touches the cord on which his pocket compass hangs. He takes out the compass and holds it out to Opechancanough, smiling.*]

SMITH: Magic, nettopew, my friend. Look you.

[*The Indian comes forward and looks at the compass. Smith turns it slowly around. The chief looks in fixed surprise.*]

Compass.

[*Again he turns it; two other Indians creep up to look. They try to touch the needle through the glass.*]

Magic. It can't be made to turn. No, you can't touch the needle. Glass. Try it? It points the way of the sun, Keskowghe—at mid-day.

[*Opechancanough reaches for it, then draws back his hand. Smith smiles and offers it. The chief snatches it, and draws back, crying,*]

OPECHANCANOUGH: Uttasantasough—righcomoughe! [*Englishman, death!*]

[*At the words, the warriors seize Smith and drag him down to the tree at the extreme right.*]

They tie him there, and stand off with bows bent and arrows leveled. An Old Warrior approaches Opechancanough.]

THE OLD WARRIOR: Ka Kalorawincs Yowo? Quiyough-cosough? [*What is he—a manitou?*]

[Opechancanough holds up the compass with a loud grunt and an order.]

OPECHANCANOUGH: Kekughe! Utteke Powhatan, Werowocomoco. [*Live. Go quickly to Powhatan at Werowocomoco.*]

They untie Smith from the tree and fall into order for the trail—warriors leading, carrying Smith's sword, pistols, and cloak. Then Smith and his guards; then more warriors, with arrows on the string; then Opechancanough with the compass, followed by the rest of the war party. They make their way across to the extreme left, where we now observe that the front of Powhatan's lodge at Werowocomoco is visible, and outside of it some of his women at work.

The children of the village crowd out to see the new comers; among them come Pocahontas and Nantaquas, who approach the captive with frank curiosity. Opechancanough speaks apart with Rawhunt, while Smith makes friends with the children.]

SMITH: Wingapoh, nettopew, my children.

POCAHONTAS: Wingapoh, uttasantasough.

SMITH: Good words, my child, but can you not say it—Englishman?

POCAHONTAS: Englis'man? [*She laughs.*]

SMITH: So, little maid—good.

[The other children flock about, picking at his garments. She stands somewhat aloof.]

Poor picking is left on me, my children. Still, I must have something.

[He reaches into the pocket of his breeches, and brings out some beads and bits of copper.]

All I have, children.

[He scatters them. Pocahontas does not come forward; he selects a little string of bright beads and goes over to her, putting it about her neck. She is evidently delighted.]

POCAHONTAS: Englishman?

SMITH: Captain Smith, at your service, my child.

POCAHONTAS: Captain Smiff? Good.

[From the lodge comes a sound of drums; the Indians form to receive Powhatan, who comes in, very stately, and takes his seat under the canopy of the lodge. Smith is set forward before the chief, and the others fall back, leaving him isolated. Food is brought to him, but he can not eat. The Indians sit, all but Opechancanough and one other, who rises and makes an oration against Smith, threatening him with his hatchet. At a sign from Powhatan, certain braves interpose to protect the prisoner. Smith shivers as they draw off again, and an Indian brings his cloak to him. Powhatan after a moment's silence, delivers judgment.]

POWHATAN: Shacquohocan. Righcomoughe *[A stone. Death.]*

[Instantly four warriors bring forward a great boulder. Smith's head is forcibly laid upon it,

and four others step forward with clubs upraised, waiting for Powhatan's word. Pocahontas, with childish gravity, steps forward between Powhatan and the stone of execution.]

POCAHONTAS: Neer saw-wehone. Uttasantasough mawchick chammay Pocahontas.

[No blood. Englishman good friend to Pocahontas.]

[The warriors around Opechancanough rise angrily, with grunts and smothered shouts. Powhatan sits gloomily. The child crouches over Smith, taking his head in her arms.]

POWHATAN: *[sternly]* Matoaka!

POCAHONTAS: *[persisting,]* Uttasantasough mawchick chammay.

[She then utters a formula, speaking for the adoption of the prisoner into the tribe. All the Indians listen attentively for Powhatan's answer. He takes from Rawhunt a pipe, puffs it three times, and passes it, by Rawhunt, to the prisoner. The guards at once release him.]

RAWHUNT: Mawchick chammay. Friends. Brother, now.

[Powhatan rises and goes into the lodge. The circle breaks up and leaves Smith still further isolated. Pocahontas takes his hand and lays it on her own head.]

POCAHONTAS: Child, Englis'man?

SMITH: Yes, my child—God bless you.

POCAHONTAS: Capitan Smiff?

[Then she points to herself.]

Child?

[Then she points to him, inquiringly.]

SMITH: Father?

POCAHONTAS: Capitan Smiff—father. Matoaka—Pocahontas, child. Good.

[She leaves him as a group of priests in ceremonial paint come out of the lodge. They set him before the fire, and make the circle of meal around him, chanting, to the beat of rattles and drums. Then Rawhunt comes and cuts from the right side of his head a lock of hair, which he burns. Powhatan, now in ceremonial paint, re-enters from the lodge, steps into the circle, and takes Smith's hand, signing to the four quarters of the heavens. He drops back, and Rawhunt, standing by Powhatan, translates his instructions to him. The boy Nantaquas stands by his father.]

RAWHUNT: Powhatan say Captain Smith now son. Like son Nantaquas.

[Nantaquas steps forward.]

Uttasantasough, Captain Smith go now. Bring Powhatan ningham pawcussacks. Great guns, Boum, boum! bring Powhatan pamesack shacquehogan. Knife stone. Come.

[Rawhunt and a group of braves step forward, set Smith in their file, and march out with him. Opechancanough, with a grunt of rage, turns away. Powhatan smiles craftily, and pausing thoughtfully as he walks, goes into his lodge. Pocahontas and Nantaquas stand looking after Smith; then the boy follows his father off, and only the little maid remains, playing with her beads. The light fades from the forward zone.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

The Winter falls. The squirrel's hoard runs low;
The deer grow lean, and paw with eager feet
Along the icy streams for wind-dried grass;
The red folk in their matted lodges drowse
While their swift hunters range the farthest hills;
And here, where the corn fails, and no ships come.
The bare sharp tooth of hunger gnaws the heart.

III.

THE STARVING TIME

In the cold light of morning, the men of Jamestown gather at the doorway of the store-house, each with his cup for corn. The Cape-Merchant stands before the door, his keys in his hand, and guards with muskets left and right. Down at the other side of the stage, a dim fire burns under a great kettle. The voices of the hungry people rise to an angry shout around the Cape-Merchant, and words are now and then audible:

THE CROWD: Open the door.
Rations—if you call 'em that.
What use—the Company's in London—
I would they were in Hell.
Food, Master Cape-Merchant.
Aye—we must eat.
Corn, for God's love, if there's nought else, give us corn.
There be private stores for some—
We're starving, sir. Open the door.

Now the Pastor's dead, God never hears us. . .

It's the hour.

It's past the hour—give us our share. Corn, corn!

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: Stand off, all of you. To-day the stores will not be opened.

THE CROWD: Not opened; no food to-day; why—why!

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: There is no corn.

FIRST SETTLER: No corn. Dare you tell us there is no corn?

SECOND SETTLER: Let us see that for ourselves. Open the door.

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: I will not open. There is no corn. The stores have nought but copper and toys for trade. I'll not have ye trample them.

THIRD SETTLER: What hope is there, if the stores are empty?

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: We hope the Indians may bring in corn to trade.

[*The crowd shouts in scornful derision.*]

Be quiet! Disperse.

[*They surge around him, shouting.*]

I will call on the President. It is no fault of mine. Disperse.

[*Tucker and his fishermen come up from the river, their sodden nets over their shoulders, their steps dragging hopelessly, their hands empty. Part of the crowd leaves the store house to crowd around the new comers.*]

TUCKER: Be silent! We can draw the nets no longer; give us place by the fire. No, no! We have caught nothing.

FIRST SETTLER: The President—he shall answer us for this!

SECOND SETTLER: Aye, the President. Ho, Master Percy!
[*They crowd toward Master Percy, who enters and goes up by the store-house door.*]

THIRD SETTLER: Master President, is it by your order that the Cape-Merchant denies us corn?

FIRST SETTLER: If it be, look to it—

PERCY: My friends, it is not my will that the doors are closed, but only because the stores are gone.

SECOND SETTLER: Say to us, Master President, what we may look for. Are there ships hither bound? Does the Company do nothing for us?

FIRST SETTLER: Aye, an we had the Company's Treasurer here, he should go in the common kettle, aye, with his velvet coat on his back and his gold chain round his neck.

PERCY: You talk foolishly, friend. For supply ships, I do hope as ardently as you, but I know nothing for certain. Only this: if you hunger, you must find food as best you can. I have none.

[*An angry murmur rises at the words.*]

FIRST SETTLER: How shall we find food?

PERCY: Take yonder boat—a score of you, and trade with the savages; the trading stock is aboard already.

SECOND SETTLER: We will not; Captain Ratcliffe tried, and their women tortured him to his death, and all his company were killed in the venture. We will not go.

PERCY: What would you then?

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD: We are cold and hungry. My child died of the cold.

PERCY: That you are hungry, I can not help. But for the cold, go you and cut firewood.

THIRD SETTLER: Why should we expose ourselves to the arrows in the woods? The houses of them that have died will give us wood enough.

PERCY: So you pull down your town upon yourselves, and the Indians see your misery. Fools—fools!

[A new group enters, bringing a man in custody.]

FOURTH SETTLER: *[of the new group,]* Master President, here is one who well sustains himself, yet doth no work. We have watched, and we know him for an abomination amongst us— an eater of human flesh.

[The first group draws off from the accused.]

PERCY: Aye, an abomination. God knows how many amongst us shall be abominable, before He sends relief.

A PALE-FACED LAD *[hysterically,]* I came out to this plantation because it was for the glory of England. . . .ha! . . . and the kingdom of God.

FOURTH SETTLER: What shall be done, Master President?

PERCY: *[To the accused,]* Is this charge true?

THE ACCUSED ONE: It was an Indian—shot and frozen. I am not bound to die of hunger. . . .No man is.

THE WOMAN: We buried our child who died in secret. There be some— abominations—

PERCY: An Indian, you say—

THE ACCUSED ONE: Yes, yes—an Indian. One that fell by the run beyond the glass house—

THE FOURTH SETTLER: He lies, Master President. It was not an Indian. We have found—ah. . . I can't say it. He said she wandered into the woods and never came back. He lied. . . .

[*A cry of suppressed horror runs through the group.*]

What is the law?

PERCY: [*sternly,*] He should die by fire.

THE PALE-FACED LAD: [*wildly,*] Now will ye cut wood? The fire burns low, does it? I'll give it something to make it blaze. I brought it from England—God's book—see! [*He tears whole sections out of his Bible and throws them on the fire—then the rest of the book.*]

God's book—there's no God in Heaven—no God in this Virginia!

[*He flings himself on the ground.*]

PERCY: Take him apart. Let him be chained.

[*A look-out by the shore cries out listlessly.*]

THE LOOKOUT: Two sail; close in.

[*The group moves slowly toward the shore, and stands gazing as the Lookout comes down to President Percy.*]

THE LOOKOUT: They be hardly ships at all, but rough hewn pinnaces, of red cedar wood.

PERCY: [*feebly,*] What flags do they show?

THE LOOKOUT: None, but they be English; I could hear their voices. See now.

[*Up the bank comes a strange and ragged crew, haggard and bearded—the men of the "Sea Venture" wreck. Leading them, Sir Thomas Gates*

and Sir George Somers, with Mr. Buck, and Captain Newport.]

NEWPORT: In God's name, can this be Jamestown! Who commands here?

PERCY: I, George Percy.

NEWPORT: George Percy—you? I wouldn't ha' known ye, man. Here's His Excellency the Governor, Sir Thomas Gates.

PERCY: I salute His Excellency. Thank God you've come, sir.

[The slowly moving Jamestown crowd now creeps forward, a rising murmur among them, in which words can at length be distinguished.]

THE CROWD: Bring ye food? Supplies? Corn? We be starving here. Food? What bring ye? We be more dead than living. Why did ye come? Food—food—

GATES: Will ye be silent! Master Percy, we have been saved from the wreck of the sea by a miracle. We have scant supplies, but such as we have shall be equitably divided—

[There is a sharp murmur from the crowd,] in good time. Meanwhile take us into your house that we may consider how we shall deal with what we have.

PERCY: That will not take long, Your Excellency.

[The chief officers go into Percy's house. The Cape-Merchant plucks Newport by the sleeve, and he stays.]

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: Captain Newport, how comes His Excellency here in this guise?

NEWPORT: As he said, by miracle. These men be those

of the stout Admiral ship, the Sea Venture. She was wrecked in a hurricano on the Somer Islands. Nine months we have stayed there, and yon two ships we built with our own hands, out of the wreck, and of cedars we cut on the islands. Isle of devils, they call it; but better than ye do here, I fancy. Has no supply come?

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: None. Our people are starving.

NEWPORT: There were eight ships sailed with us.

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: Seven came in.

NEWPORT: Seven sail. How many are you here?

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: We were nigh five hundred when the last ships left us, in October. We are some sixty now.

NEWPORT: What have ye done? Deserted, fallen in fight, died?

THE CAPE-MERCHANT: All these things. We have held the land for the London Company—God forgive them. And for England.

[Gates, Somers and Percy come out. The bell is rung, and the people gather.]

GATES: First, my commission.

PERCY: Your Excellency, I have seen it. None questions it.

GATES: Very well. Be it known to you then, that I have examined into the affairs of the plantation. We have come from shipwreck, unsupplied. We can share our food with them that are here, but it will not long suffice. Wherefore we have decided that the plantation shall be abandoned. We have not food for the voyage. But an we sail the northern way, we can procure fish enough to

stay us from death. Take what you will into our ships, and on the roll of the drums, set forward.

[The people start off, scattering, to get their little belongings.]

PERCY: What of the ordnance?

GATES: Let it be buried in the bastion.

THE FIRST SETTLER: Excellency, lest the savages our enemies exult over it, give us leave to set fire to the town.

[A murmur of approval at the suggestion.]

[Some of the men take up fire-brands.]

GATES: No. No fires. I forbid them.

[The drum begins a slow long roll, and the people go down the bank at the back; George Percy pauses for an instant on the bank, with Gates; then they too follow. For the moment the stage is clear, and darkens slowly.

Then, glimmering into sudden light beyond, a great ship's carved and gilded prow; and from her side, the flash and roar of a cannon.

The people troop wonderingly up the bank again. Over the bank, in velvets and lace and plumes, stately and magnificent, Lord Delaware and his company enter. He falls on his knees, all who are with him doing the same, and remains a moment in prayer. Then he steps forward, and Sir Thomas Gates drops on his knee in salute.

LORD DELAWARE: Folk of this plantation, I have heard, in coming up the river, of your condition. I intend, God willing, to continue this colony. I have heard of your sufferings, and of your factions. Both these shall end. For your vanities and idleness, you must amend them, lest I be compelled to draw the sword of justice to cut off

such delinquents; which I had liefer draw to defend you from your enemies. My ships are well supplied. Set you each man to his work, and your plantation, and this glorious venture, shall not fail.

[The people cheer heartily;

[Master Buck steps forward and opens his prayer-book; all kneel as the scene disappears, and a hymn of rejoicing goes up.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

So passed the darkest hour. . . .Stern Governors
Laid on the land their will. The colony
Creeps from this marsh-bound island, up the stream
Plantation by plantation, and men mark
Here, where the river falls, a town, in vision,
That shall at last inherit all: a city
Dream-like upon these hills: a name: a dream
That waits. . . .But look—the joyous days of Spring
See here the little maid who saved the town
Time after time in the first bitter years
Woody, won and wed, to make a living link
Between the red folk and her Englishmen—
A link of peace, that while she lived, held firm.

IV.

THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS

The entire scene is in pantomime.

The stage represents the Church at Jamestown. It is very simple, and one is more conscious of the people assembled than of the place. Green garlands, hanging between poles which are held by some of the young men, serve to mark off the space.

Sir Thomas Gates enters with his little retinue, and takes a place near the font. With the Deputy Governor, George Percy, and Captain Argall, who had brought in Pocahontas as a captive.

Mr. Whittaker comes next.

Then Pocahontas, led by the four ladies of the settlement. She goes forward alone to the font, is baptized, and turns, as if looking for someone.

John Rolfe steps forward and takes her hand. Still she stands waiting.

The eyes of all the people turn with hers. At the other end of the church, for the first time, they see Opachisco, an old and dignified brother of Powhatan, in full council dress; with him Nantaquas and another of Powhatan's sons.

Pocahontas moves toward them, leading Rolfe by the hand. Nantaquas steps forward, first; then the others, saluting Rolfe gravely.

Pocahontas stands before Opachisco, who puts about her neck a great chain of wampum; Rolfe, in his turn, presents a gift to Opachisco.

Sir Thomas Gates now steps forward and adds his gifts to the Indians.

Rolfe leads her back to Mr. Whittaker; they are married; and turning to face the congregation, find it full of joyous faces; even Opachisco and his retinue lose for the moment their accustomed severity; and the old chief clasps the hand of Sir Thomas Gates warmly.

The Indians, first touching the bride kindly and ceremoniously, depart.

The lads with the garlands lift them, to set free the people ranged behind them, and Rolfe and his bride are accompanied out of the little church by a crowd that breaks into cheers as the light fades from the festal scene.

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Now in the councils of the Company,
In London, new men take the helm—new pilots
Visioning far across the years. These men,
More greatly friends to freedom and to justice
Than subjects unto James the King, have writ
A Charter for the Colony, a wise, grave scroll
Of laws more free than Raleigh dared, and filled
With this land's mighty future. Honor them:
Southampton, Shakespeare's friend; Ferrar;
And more than these, Sir Edwin Sandys, a seer—
Dreamer of Liberties. . . And mark the day,
Three hundred years and three ago, with gold,
When first Democracy, in this new world
Lighted her fires and called unto her hearth
The chosen voices of the people's will.

V.

THE FIRST ASSEMBLY

Jamestown, inside the church. A simple dais, where Governor Yeardley sits. Before him, and below, the Speaker, John Pory; and at his side the Secretary, John Twine, and the Reverend Richard Buck; the Sergeant at Arms, Thomas Pierce, standing; then the members of the Council; and below, facing the Speaker, the Burgesses; of these, when the scene opens, there seem to be twenty-two, as the Ward's and Martin's Brandon representatives have presented themselves.

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY: Honorable Councillors and worthy Burgesses of Virginia: I have called you together at

the order of the London Company, and in accord with the Charter granted to them by His Majesty. You who are Burgesses, elected by your own plantations and hundreds, come now to sit here as in Parliament. This is not as it has been in the past. The London Company is not of the same mind as it was in Sir Thomas Smith's Treasurership. New men have come into power—my lord the Earl of Southampton, and Sir Edwin Sandys.

[The Burgesses applaud the name of Southampton, and cheer that of Sandys.]

They, and their friends who have adventured with them, set not their hearts to immediate profit, but to the permanency of the Plantation, to justice and freedom, that we may make this land another England, and our home. . . . And since men's affairs do little prosper where God's service is neglected, do you give heed to Master Buck.

MR. BUCK: *[leading them in prayer,]* O God, our Heavenly Father, we beseech thee to be with this Assembly. Save us from error, ignorance, pride and prejudice, and of thy great mercy direct and sanctify our proceedings to thine own glory and to the good of this plantation. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

[The Burgesses and Councillors respond.]

THE SPEAKER: *[Mr. Pory.]* And now, as we have begun in respect to God, so that we may proceed in respect to the King, let each man here take the Oath of Supremacy.

CAPTAIN POWELL: Is this by the terms of the Charter?

THE SPEAKER: Aye.

CAPTAIN POWELL: Well, we'll not stagger at it.

[The Burgesses stand.]

THE SPEAKER: You do swear. . . .that you do hold and declare that no foreign prince person prelate state or po-

tentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power superiority preeminence or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual within this realm.

THE BURGESSES: We do swear.

THE SPEAKER: Your Excellency, we do certify to you that these men be true and loyal subjects to the King, and that they have met here in full accordance with your summons, and are duly chosen and elected by their respective Hundreds and Plantations.

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY: Before you proceed further, it behooves you to examine whether it is fit that the Burgesses from Captain Martin's Plantation have any place in this Assembly.

THOMAS DAVIS: [*Rising, with Robert Stacy,*] What means this, your Excellency—

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY: [*continuing,*] For as much as Captain Martin hath a clause in his Patent, which doth exempt him from the equal and uniform laws which the great Charter says, must govern the whole Colony, and which may exempt his people from obedience to the laws we make in this Assembly.

[*There is a stir among the Burgesses; some rise.*]

CAPTAIN POWELL: Mr. Speaker, may we have knowledge of this clause from His Excellency?

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY: The clause is this: that it shall be lawful for the said Captain John Martin, his heirs and assigns, to command all such persons as he shall carry over with him, free from any command of the Colony, except it be in aiding and assisting the said Colony against a foreign or domestical enemy.

THE SPEAKER: That means they may obey or deride our laws, as they choose.

THOMAS GRAVES: Mr. Speaker, it may be these Burgesses, and Captain Martin himself, will quit or give over this part of the Patent, for the sake of equal and uniform government in the Colony.

THOMAS DAVIS: Mr. Speaker, we may not yield or give over, nor do we believe that Captain Martin will yield.

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY: I believe with you that he will not give over. But this must come to some clear end. I have had complaints of Captain Martin's people from the chief Opechancanough. The Colony must know if they are to be obedient to the Charter or not.

CAPTAIN POWELL: I move you, Mr. Speaker, that Captain Martin be summoned to the bar of this Assembly.

THE SPEAKER: You have heard the motion.

THE BURGESSES: Aye.

THE SPEAKER: Noes? The Ayes have it.

THOMAS GRAVES: And meanwhile, I move you, Mr. Speaker, that Captain Martin's Burgesses be directed to withdraw themselves from this Assembly.

THOMAS DAVIS: We do object, Mr. Speaker. It is our privilege—

CAPTAIN POWELL: Here is no matter of privilege, Mr. Speaker, but of right.

THE SPEAKER: You have heard the motion.

THE BURGESSES: Aye.

THE SPEAKER: Noes?—The Ayes have it. Mr. Sergeant at Arms, the Assembly directs that they who were elected

from Martin's Brandon absent themselves until such time as Captain Martin has made personal appearance before us, and yielded up this clause in his Patent.

[Davis and Stacey bow to the Governor and the Speaker, and go out.]

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY: To certain of you have been committed the reading of the new book of laws. What do ye find?

CAPTAIN POWELL: We have well and carefully read the book, and find such perfection that we could find nothing therein to except to.

THE SPEAKER: That there remain no scruple in the mind of the Assembly touching the great book of laws, it is the pleasure of His Excellency that the same be put to the vote of the Assembly.

CAPTAIN LAWNE: As one who hath been charged with the commission of reading the new laws, I move you, Mr. Speaker, that the Assembly do submissively return its thanks to Almighty God therefore; that we command the Speaker to convey our due and humble gratitude to the Treasurer, Council and Company, as in the names of the whole Colony whom we here represent.

THE SPEAKER: You have heard the motion.

THE BURGESSES: Aye.

THE SPEAKER: Noes? The Ayes have it.

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY: So be it. You have considered the book of laws, and your own rights. Do you now, at your pleasure, consider what of the instructions given to me, and to your precedent Governors, shall be put in the habit of laws; what petitions shall be sent to England;

and what new laws shall issue out of your own minds and conceits. For ye be here gathered to set down the justice under which we all shall live, hereafter.

[The lights fade and the Assembly disappears.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Here was the hour—the first, the mighty hour
That 'stablished on this soil the rights of men
To meet and choose, determine and resolve,
And so at length to govern, by consent,
And by consent alone. And from this meeting
Have grown all congresses and states,
All government. . .for our America.

And turn we now to other days, some bright,
Like that when those courageous maids, home-makers,
Landed on Jamestown wharf; some dark,
Like that when the swift savage axe
Flashed in the fire-light, treacherous, and fell,
And all the far plantations shook with death.

VI.

THE COMING OF THE MAIDS

The entire scene is in pantomime. A ship is in the offing; the men of the colony are all crowded on the shore, to watch the arrival of the Home-Makers.

Up from the river they come, by twos, a sea-captain or two alongside of the minister who comes ahead of them.

The Governor and his Council enter and stand with uncovered heads, saluting the maids as they pass. They

move around the stage in a great circle as the bell of the little church rings joyously. Then it ceases, and a pipe and drum take up a country dance tune; instantly the line is broken up by the swarming young men, and out of a moment's wild, laughing confusion, a new line is formed—that of a great long-ways dance. The pipe and drum keep up the tune, and the dance goes on; but one by one, couples drop out of it, and the men who have found their maids troop off to Master Piersey, the Cape-Merchant, with their bundles of tobacco, and from him to the nearest parson, haling their witnesses along with them.

At the final figure of the dance, as they who are left dancing lead forward toward the Governor, the scene disappears.

VII

THE MASSACRE

In the distant zone at the right, a fire flares up swiftly; against it the wildly gesticulating silhouettes of the war dance, and from it the insistent beating of the war drums. Opechancanough stands by the fire; for an instant the dance pauses, and his voice is heard.

OPECHANCANOUGH: Uttasantasough maskapow. Necut keskowghe. Righcomoughes. Kill—kill. All Englishmen—kill. They kill Jack-of-the Feather. Maskapow. Kill all.

[The dance circles again, the war drums beating. A young Indian, Chanco, leaves the circle and starts to creep away. He is seen, and a brave tries to stop him, striking at him with his axe; he knocks the brave down and runs into the

darkness. The drums cease a moment later, the fire is trodden out, and the war band divides and disappears.

Down at the left, Chanco comes knocking at Richard Pace's door. Pace, lantern in hand, opens it, sees Chanco, and greets him kindly.]

PACE: Come in, Chanco. Where have ye been, lad? Ye've missed prayer time.

CHANCO: Master—Opechancanough the war chief—

PACE: What about him, lad?

CHANCO: He has called our people to the war trail. He raises the hatchet against the English to-day.

PACE: This is foolish talk, Chanco. Opechancanough said only last month that the skies will fall before the peace is broken.

CHANCO: Chanco does not talk light talk, master. See.
[He shows his arm and shoulder bleeding from an axe wound.]

I talk true talk. Opechancanough takes war trail to-day, with the sun. I have spoken.

PACE: Poor boy—he's wounded. *[To those inside the house.]* Hark ye now.

[The people of the household come into the doorway, some of the servants hurrying up in a group outside.]

The Indians are taking the war trail. I must get the alarm to Jamestown, to the Governor. Bar the windows and stand on guard—

CHANCO: No. Go, all. They are too many. You can not stay and live.

PACE: He may be right. Take what you can to the boat, and leave the house barred. I will take the canoe. Come with me, Chanco.

CHANCO: I come.

[His strength fails and he sinks down; they carry him into the house. Pace hurries out, as the door is closed and the lights disappear. Far off against the darkness a light flares up for a moment, and a stealthy passing of Indians on the war trail is visible, Opechancanough leading them on. The light fades. The central zone (Jamestown) is now lighted, and Pace, leaving his canoe, comes up from the river bank. There is no sentry on guard and he hurries directly to the Governor's door, where he knocks loudly. A servant appears.]

PACE: The Governor—I must see the Governor!

THE SERVANT: His Excellency is engaged just now.

PACE: I must see him now—at once, do you hear?

THE SERVANT: But you can't see him now—

PACE: I've got to see him. The Indians are on the war trail.

[The servant, in fright, runs in. Pace pounds on the door. Governor Wyatt appears in the doorway.]

GOVERNOR WYATT: What this? Richard Pace, what does this mean?

PACE: The Indians, your Excellency. Opechancanough has taken the war trail. We must send out the alarm.

GOVERNOR WYATT: Is your information sure?

PAGE: Yes. A Christian Indian in my own house. It is a general attack. All the way down the river I have seen their signal smokes.

GOVERNOR WYATT: [*through the doorway.*] Hallo—with-
in there. Master Pory. Captain West!

[*The servant comes out, followed by two or three gentlemen.*]

You, there, fetch the Marshall.

[*The servant runs off.*]

Master Pory, do you have the bell rung in alarm, at once. Captain West—the stockade gates—it's Opechancanough.

PAGE: Listen, your Excellency. Is not that distant firing.

[*They listen a moment; shots are audible, and very far off, yells and the war drum. Then the bell begins ringing violently.*

Men hurry into the square before the house, and the Marshall, in helmet and half armor, takes command of them. The Governor holds up his hand for silence, and for a moment the bell is stopped.]

GOVERNOR WYATT: Marshall, I do believe we are to be attacked at all points. Opechancanough has turned against us, and he is strong. Look to the defences of the town. But first let some brave and sure men be sent to spread the alarm.

THE MARSHALL: Volunteers, to carry the news swiftly and secretly as far as may be. [*A dozen men steps forward.*] Look ye now. The roads are sure to be watched, and the rivers likewise. You go at great hazard. Think on the sleeping folk who will not see another day if you fall. And win through; God spare you. Go.

[The men run off, and the Marshall goes to the stockade. The officer on watch by the river comes forward to report.]

THE OFFICER: Two boats have landed, Excellency. They have been fired on. Two men and a child in them are dead.

[As he speaks, a group of refugees comes up over the bank.

Another officer returns from the stockade.]

STOCKADE OFFICER: The Marshall's compliments, Excellency. The woods beyond the neck are full of Indians; the people from Archer's Hope are come in. They were fired on.

[Another group of refugees enters from that side.]

GOVERNOR WYATT: To the palisade, all of you.

[To the officer from the river.]

Have you men enough for the river side?

OFFICER: We have enough, Excellency.

GOVERNOR WYATT: Go. God shield them in the far plantations!

[The bell rings again, and at the stockade a volley is fired. Fires appear on the distant hills, and beyond the river, and in flashes as of lightning, flying men and women cut down by Indians. More refugees come, carrying their wounded.

There is a great shout from the stockade, and through the smoke we see, momentarily, a rush of Indians breaking through; hand to hand fighting; another volley, the women behind the palisades madly loading muskets. The Indians driven

back. A great group of terrified refugees crowded before the church, in a sudden fire-light. Then the bell, the drums, and the shouting cease, and the curtain of darkness falls.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Now fifty years of silence; yet the time
Was filled with growth and action. These we pass—
These years when the young colony, struck down
By massacre and fear, took heart, and stood,
And reft the land from the dark savages.
Once more they struck, and once more driven back,
Left to the plow their primal hunting grounds.
Men prospered, far from those bleak struggles when
England, divided, turned upon the King,
And Cromwell took the reins of power.
Virginia
Held by her ancient loyalties.
Berkeley, the Royal Governor,
Giving awhile the Commonwealth its way,
Grew bitter with the passing of the years,
A blind oppressor, levying tax and tithe. . . .
And through this time the vision of free men
In the great Charter written, strove and burned
And 'twixt two iron wills Virginia
In this year sixteen seventy-six stood poised.

VIII.

BACON'S REBELLION

The stage is set with a plain wall with a door-way at the centre, representing the state house at Jamestown. At the right, a gate post and hedge enclose Mr. Drummond's garden. At the left, a similar post, by which the Burgesses enter for the Session. During the time the Assembly sits, benches are put on, and the threshold at centre becomes the dais for the Governor.

For the present, the scene is William Drummond's garden. Mrs. Sarah Drummond is waiting for the return of her husband from the expedition against the Indians.

Mr. Lawrence enters.

MRS. DRUMMOND: Ah, Mr. Lawrence, welcome to Jamestown again. I hear ye've done well against the Indians.

LAWRENCE: Aye, thanks to Nathaniel Bacon, and your good husband, Mrs. Drummond

MRS. DRUMMOND: And no thanks to Governor Berkeley.

LAWRENCE: None. I hear we rest under charges with him. I must see your husband about them, ma'am.

MRS. DRUMMOND: Charges indeed. William's not home yet. Will ye wait. I look for him in a wee while.

LAWRENCE: Here he is now.

[William Drummond comes in.]

MRS. DRUMMOND: Welcome home, William. I hear ye're a rebel.

DRUMMOND: Whisht, Sarah. Do na believe every lie that goes out of the great house yonder.

MRS. DRUMMOND: Believe nothing, William. But have ye not heard ye are all under attainder of the Governor—you, and Mr. Lawrence here, and Nathaniel Bacon and all of ye?

DRUMMOND: Na, na. We'll be out of attainder to-night, when Bacon comes. The people 'll show old Berkeley plain enough—

MRS. DRUMMOND: Much Berkeley cares for the people, and what they think!

[*A sound of cheering is heard.*]

What's that noise?

DRUMMOND: That's our young Commander, Nathaniel Bacon. That's what the men of Jamestown think of the rebel.

LAWRENCE: Still, Mr. Drummond, this is a serious matter. He went against the Indians without the Governor's commission. I know well there's no justice in Berkeley—know it to my cost. And by this token—what can he do to Bacon, and to us?

DRUMMOND: Nowt, if he's wise. Bacon sent for a commission, didn't he? And though it was not sent, it was not denied. He wrote old Berkeley a letter of thanks for the promise of it—I saw to that. It's a tempest in a tea pot.

LAWRENCE: I'm not so sure of that. There's no length he'll not go to for spite of you or me. If what we did could be construed into treason, he'll have the power of England behind him to hang us.

MRS. DRUMMOND: [*breaking in her hand a spray of rose-bush from the garden hedge.*]

I care not that for the power of England. The real power in Virginia's in them that are cheering yonder.

LAWRENCE: It should be so, Mrs. Drummond, but look you, he withheld the commission. Why? The whole Colony was with us.

DRUMMOND: Why? Mr. Lawrence, can it be ye do na ken that. It's his beaver trade up the Bay. But I misdoubt me he'd rather forgive us our trespasses than have that mentioned in the Assembly. You'll see.

[Bacon, followed by Bruce and Nathaniel Bacon Sr., comes in.]

MRS. DRUMMOND: A welcome to ye, General. Gentlemen, 'your service.

BACON: Good day, Madam. Drummond, and Lawrence, we must consider this business.

DRUMMOND: Aye, talk on't. Sarah knows it all.

BACON: In my conscience I am clear, my friends. It was no treason to strike against savages on the war path. It was no treason to fight for our homes. We have done no treason. But the Governor thinks otherwise. We have no wish to find our names proscribed. My kinsman here, for the sake of the name of our family, wishes me to make some compromise with the Governor.

NATHANIEL BACON, SR.: Aye, it can all be arranged. You have only to admit your fault, plead at the bar of the Assembly, and he'll make you a General in good earnest. I have written the document. I have his word for it.

LAWRENCE: And you believe him, sir?

NATHANIEL BACON SR.: I believe him—he spoke it in Colonel Lee's presence, and Mr. Bruce's here.

DRUMMOND: Did he say aught about our not fighting where it might mar his trade in beaver pelts?

NATHANIEL BACON, SR.: You speak with small respect of the Governor of the Colony, Mr. Drummond.

DRUMMOND: I speak as I feel. I know him. I know this lad, too—I've followed him. He fears nothing. He's the savior of the Colony—the only man who dared strike in our defence, in spite of old Berkeley's red trappers. What should he confess to? He's done no wrong.

BACON: No, Drummond, I have, it seems. I've smirched the family name. Well, I'm willing to make amends—if the Governor'll set us free to defend ourselves. At worst, I would throw myself on the mercy of the Assembly—

LAWRENCE: Berkeley's Assembly, that he's kept and fed like stalled cattle these fifteen years!

NATHANIEL BACON, SR.: Believe me, my lad, it's best you yield to him. It's only to admit your fault, and all will be well.

BACON: I agree then.

[*Enter Major Hone with a guard of soldiers.*]

MAJOR HONE: Mr. Bacon, I arrest you in the King's name, for traitorous and rebellious acts committed in this Colony. I must warn you in regard to any statement you may make to these gentlemen.

BACON: Where are you to take me?

MAJOR HONE: To the Governor. And you, Mr. Bacon,

and Mr. Bruce, may come with us. His Excellency has a mind to confer with you about this attainder.

[Major Hone, the Bacons, and Bruce go out.]

LAWRENCE: I like it not. This Governor is a treacherous old devil. He'll have the lives of all of us—aye, and the honor too, if he can.

[The central zone is now lighted; the Assembly is taking its seat; the Governor and his staff enter, with the Councillors. The speaker raps for order, and Governor Berkeley rises to make a statement.]

BERKELEY: In all this coil ye have told me that the Indians have been at fault. I know not if this be true or no. They have said that their chiefs, coming to treat for peace, have been wrongfully killed. And this, by men here sitting amongst us—Colonel Washington and Major Allerton—I learn to be the truth. It was men of Maryland did it, ye say. I care not. These Indians were envoys. If they had slain my grandfather and my grandmother, and all my friends, yet if they came to treat in peace, then by God they should have gone in peace. Major Hone, bring in your parole.

[Major Hone goes out.]

If there be joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now. For we have a penitent sinner come before us.

[Major Hone re-enters with Bacon, who comes forward and kneels before the Speaker of the Assembly. Referring to a paper which he carries, he makes his confession.]

BACON: I, Nathaniel Bacon, Junior, of Henrico county, in Virginia, do hereby most freely and humbly acknowl-

edge that I have been guilty of late unlawful, mutinous and rebellious practices, contrary to my duty to his sacred majesty's Governor and this country; that I have caused the beating of drums; have raised men in arms; and have marched with them into several parts of this Colony; I have done these things not only without order and commission, but contrary to the express commands of the Right Honorable Sir William Berkeley, Knight, his majesty's most worthy Governor and Captain General of Virginia. . . And I do hereby upon my knees most humbly beg of Almighty God, and of his majesty's said Governor, that upon this my unfeigned confession, pardon may be granted me. . . In testimony of this I have subscribed my name, this ninth day of June, 1676.

COLONEL COLE: We of his Majesty's Council do desire, according to Mr. Bacon's request, the Right Honorable the Governor to grant his pardon.

BERKELEY: God forgive you. I forgive you. God forgive you. I forgive you.

COLONEL COLE: And all that were with him?

BERKELEY: Aye, and all that were with him. God forgive them. I forgive them. . . Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly till next Quarter Court, I'll restore ye again to your seat here.

[Bacon bows his head in assent, and Berkeley waves him to his seat. There is a rustle of approval from the Councillors and Burgesses.]

MR. BRUCE: Mr. Speaker, it was understood by Mr. Bacon, and those of us who are his friends, that when he had made acknowledgment, the Right Honorable

the Governor would give him a commission to go against the Indians for the defense of the Colony.

BERKELEY: Your friends are unwise, Mr. Bacon.

MR. BRUCE: There was a promise made, your Excellency.

BERKELEY [*rising.*]

Let this session continue without us, Mr. Speaker. And I hope it may escape sedition.

[Berkeley and a few of the Council leave the meeting.]

MR. BRUCE: Mr. Speaker, since the promise of the Right Honorable the Governor has been given, I move you the Assembly authorize Mr. Bacon, as General-to-be of the Colony's forces, to enlist for the defence of the Colony—

[There is an uproar at the door, and a courier enters, spurred and muddy.]

THE COURIER: They told me the Governor was here. Yes—from up the York—they've killed a dozen folks in all—women and children mainly.

MAJOR HONE: Come with me—this is for the Governor, not for these gentlemen.

[Major Hone takes the Courier out after the Governor.]

MR. BRUCE: Is the need clear, gentlemen? To enlist, drill and maintain in the field against the heathen enemy, one thousand men.

[Cries of "Bacon, Bacon," "Aye, aye."]

BACON: Men of Virginia. I have acknowledged that I have been so unadvised as to believe it was my duty, both by the laws of God and nature and to his Majesty

the King, notwithstanding Sir William Berkeley's prohibition, to take up arms in the just defense of ourselves, our wives and children, our homes, and His Majesty's dominion. I found in my heart no thought of rebellion, no taint of treason. And it grieved me beyond words to find that while we were hunting the savage wolves that daily destroyed our lambs, I was pursued with full cry as though I too were a ravenous beast. You speak of sending me to defend the country. A commission has been promised me. It was so promised me before. You are not now as Governor Berkeley's long Assembly was—a creature of his will. You know the state of the Colony. You know wherein he has failed of his sworn and sacred duty. Look now to your laws, your suffrages, your lives. As for my commission, you have authorized it; the Governor has promised it, and when I come for it, think not it will be denied!

[Shouts of "Aye, aye!" "A Bacon—Bacon!" The Assembly breaks up, cheering, and the men pour off, the Burgesses to the right, the Councillors to the left; the central zone darkens. A light appears in the courtyard at the left of the stage, where Major Hone has brought the Courier to Governor Berkeley.]

BERKELEY: I have heard of this same killing before. There is no truth in it. These people were careless. Do they expect me to defend every creekside cabin in this wilderness?

MAJOR HONE: He caused a great flutter in the Assembly, your honor.

BERKELEY: How's this—did he spread his damnable lies

amongst those mutinous upstarts too. Look ye, what means this?

THE COURIER: I came to look for your Excellency. They directed me to the Assembly—

BERKELEY: And you set fire to 'em. God's blood, why did ye let him speak? [*To Major Hone.*] Now the fat's in the fire again. It makes me mad. Damn you—Take him out and let him be strung by the thumbs an hour. This comes of your freedom—your intelligent yeomanry. Take him out!

[A drum, steadily beating, is heard approaching. The center zone is again lighted, and Bacon, at the head of an armed force, is seen marching on. At the centre, Bacon halts his forces. Berkeley rushes out to face him, tearing open his laces, and crying out,

BERKELEY: Here, shoot me! Shoot me. 'Fore God, a fair mark!

BACON: No. May it please your honor, we will not harm a hair of your head, nor of any man's. We are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians. You have promised it. And now we will have it before we go.

BERKELEY: Is this how ye come to brave me? Shoot me, rebels, and have done.

BACON: Does your honor deny that the commission was promised? Does your honor refuse us the commission?

[A menacing shout arises behind Bacon, but he puts it down.]

BERKELEY: I have not denied you. Is this how a loyal officer should come for his credentials? Ye shall have

it—when it pleases me.

[He turns on his heel and goes out.]

DRUMMOND: Ye hear that, men?

*[The soldiers answer with an angry shout.
Bacon turns to them.]*

BACON: We must have the Commission. We will have it.

DRUMMOND: In God's name, why must we? It would be easier to get a new Governor. Nay, do na startle at that. I can show ye by record how it hath happened before in Virginia.

[Major Hone comes out, bearing the Commission.]

MAJOR HONE: The Governor's compliments to General Bacon. Here is his Commission, with others in blank for his officers.

[A great cheer goes up from the troops.]

BACON: Gentlemen and Fellow Soldiers! I am transported with gladness to find you thus unanimous, daring and gallant. You have the victory before the fight, the conquest before the battle. . . Your hardiness will invite all the country along to come and second you. You have with you the prayers of all the people of Virginia. Come on, my hearts of gold: he that dies on the field, lies in the bed of immortal honor!

[The drum strikes up again, and the troops march off, Bacon at their head.

Again the centre zone is dark, and at the left, Berkeley is seen with some of the Council.]

BERKELEY: Is not this mutiny? Is it not treason. Did they not come armed against me? Ah, God help me,

for thirty years I have governed the fairest land the sun ever shone upon, and now I am engulfed in rebellion!

GOODWIN: [*The Speaker of the Assembly.*]

Your Honor should rest. He has his commission. He will let be now and go against the Indians.

BERKELEY: Aye, he will go against the Indians, and ruin the fur trade. And what of the King's authority? What of my authority! Major Hone, let the Commission be cancelled and revoked. Let a proclamation tell the people so. And do you gather me troops in Gloucester to go after him.

MAJOR HONE: Your Honor, we hardly dared report it to you. The lower plantations are as good as in arms against you. They too demand for Bacon.

BERKELEY: What then?

MAJOR HONE: We can do nothing, sir.

BERKELEY: I'll not do nothing. Get me ready what sail you can. If it be come to the test—between the King's Governor and the will of these Virginians, I'll not stand idle. Get me ready the ships for Accomac. And do you send forth without delay this proclamation in the King's name. I declare this Bacon to be a rebel, and all that follow him rebels. Their lives are forfeit. And when I come again, they shall be exacted, to the last man. So, in the King's name.

[*The scene vanishes.*]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

So these two men, the shifty Governor,
And Bacon, the true-hearted rebel, fought,
And Bacon fell. Jamestown they burned. And where
The first church stood, now only memories
About the ruined tower, cluster and hallow:
That solemn ground, of all America
Is richest, first. . .
And deepest in our people's deepest heart.

Look forward. Westward turn your eyes.
Now forty years are sped. Men seek new lands,
Fit for a nation's overflowing tide.
And here, on the Blue Ridge's crest, we pause,
And hear the laughter of the hunting horns
At sight of strange new valleys filled with peace.

IX

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HORSESHOE

The scene is the top of Mount George, looking out over the valley.

A hunting call is heard in the distance. The growing light discloses an Indian scout; then three more Indians; then the Sergeant, toiling up the hill with six rangers at his heels. The horn again, and three of the gentlemen of the party arrive, one of the Captains leading. The Sergeant steps forward and salutes.

THE SERGEANT: This 'ere seems to be the top, sir. No higher land in sight.

THE CAPTAIN: Thank 'ee, Sergeant. Will you dismount, gentlemen?

[They dismount, and their servants, who have come running up, take their horses.

Governor Spotswood now enters with the rest of the party; the Captain goes forward to meet them.]

This is the summit, your Excellency.

MR. BEVERLEY: A fine prospect, sir—a magnificent prospect.

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: Use your eyes, gentlemen. Do ye see any higher ground?

THE CAPTAIN: No, your Excellency.

MR. BEVERLEY: There's one mountain yonder—the companion to this.

THE CAPTAIN: It's not so high, sir, by a score of yards.

MR. BEVERLEY: Demmed military assurance, sir. It's a good peak—a high peak.

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: This is matter for young eyes, gentlemen. Ensign Fontaine, what do you say?

FONTAINE: I should say sir, that the Captain is right—it is lower than this, to judge by the horizon. But not by so much as twenty yards, sir. And as Mr. Beverley so justly observes, it's a good peak.

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: A Daniel to judgment, gentlemen. And now I propose that we name this mountain for his Majesty, Mount George.

MR. BEVERLEY: Aye, and t'other one for your Excellency, Mount Alexander.

[The gentlemen agree heartily.]

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: I thank you, gentlemen. And the river below, shall we name that the Euphrates?

THE CAPTAIN: Aye, classical. Goes with Mount Alexander.

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: Gentlemen, let us stop here and refresh ourselves.

[The servants swiftly unload the provisions, together with the wines and glasses.]

MR. BEVERLEY: Aye—it's time. Here we've crossed the uncrossed mountains—passed the impassable peaks. A toast, your Excellency.

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: Gentlemen, you have come far, and are weary. From the Capital to Germanna, to the forks of the Rappahannock, through the Gap to this distant peak which overlooks the new Euphrates. For all your labors, the way has been pleasant; I intended it should be so. Champagne! We are come with light hearts, but we bear with us a great future, a destiny of empire. For this valley—behold is it not fertile? And shall it lie waste and useless? No, my friends. We have added ranges of mountains and swards of valley to his dominions: and now, on the summit of our bloodless conquest, I give you—To the health of His Blessed Majesty, King George the First by the Grace of God!

[The Gentlemen repeat, "His Blessed Majesty, King George!" and all drink.]

THE CAPTAIN: Gentlemen, a volley to the King—Fire!

[The volley is fired with great precision.]

MR. BEVERLEY: Now to the Princess.

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: Burgundy.

[The glasses are handed around.]

We have shown that the mountains can be crossed. That the way lies open. We have blazed a road that will be

nobly trod in the future. Gentlemen, to the Princess!

THE GENTLEMEN: The Princess!

THE CAPTAIN: Another volley. Are you ready?—Fire!

[The volley is not quite so unanimous.]

[Ensign Fontaine writes industriously in his journal.]

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: What's this, Mr. Fontaine?

FONTAINE: I'm writing in my journal the events of this great day—and I must get on with it before I'm too drunk to record 'em.

THE CAPTAIN: Your Excellency, we've drunk to the King, and we've drunk to the Princess, God bless her. But we've left out the rest of the royal family. I move you sir—I mean sir—The Royal Family.

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: Claret.

MR. BEVERLEY: Don't trouble to name 'em. Just drink to 'em all at once. For I've another health to propose, which must be drunk to-day. So lets get on—The Royal Family!

THE GENTLEMEN: The Royal Family!

THE CAPTAIN: Are you ready? . . . Fire!

[The volley hardly bears out the word.]

MR. BEVERLEY: And now, gentlemen, I propose the health of one who has governed us with wisdom and lenity; and led us in peace and war with courage and felicity; cities yet undreamed in this smiling valley will come to bless his name; and new orders of knighthood will arise to do him honor. To his Excellency, Governor Spotswood!

THE GENTLEMEN: To the Governor!

[They drink.]

[Ensign Fontaine rouses himself enough to start a jovial song, but the company does not agree upon the tempo, and the songs breaks off.]

THE CAPTAIN: Gentlemen, are you ready?. . .

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD: I pray you, gentlemen, omit the volley.

[They all look relieved, and return to their cups.]

Sic juvat transcendere montes.

[Lights out.]

ALEXANDRIA NIGHT

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Now sterner days press on. The Colony
Grown strong, and ever hungry for new soil
Strikes deeper in the trackless continent,
And on the far frontiers the flags are clashing.
New France, with the red tribesmen of the West allied,
Forbids the rivers. And the council gathers,
In Alexandria, where first the men
Of all the Colonies make cause together
And the doomed Braddock, arrogant and brave,
Took the slow westward road, with Washington.

X

BRADDOCK AT ALEXANDRIA

The year is now 1755, the place is Alexandria; the occasion the council of war called by General Braddock, at which the Governors of the various Colonies are present. They are seated, with their various aides and secretaries; Governor Dinwiddie enters, bringing General Braddock.

GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE: Gentlemen, General Braddock.

[All rise to greet the General, and those in uniform salute him.]

I believe we are all here, sir.

BRADDOCK: I have been ordered to call you together, honorable Governors and gentlemen, to lay before you certain instructions. From the Ministry—I may say, from His Majesty.

GOVERNOR SHIRLEY [*of Massachusetts*]

We have come gladly, General. We are all rejoiced that the Ministry has considered our situation, and has done us the honor to send you, sir.

BRADDOCK: We speak in confidence. It is a time of peace. But no man can say how long this peace will last. France—

DINWIDDIE: The peace is already broken, here.

BRADDOCK: So I was informed. In view of this, I was to instruct you to meet, and to furnish, each according

to the means of his colony, men, money and supplies for the campaign of defense. I take it I may call upon each of you, Governors, for such forces and munitions as I need.

SHIRLEY: You may call upon us, General. But what we can supply is another matter. You see, we have our Assemblies to deal with.

DINWIDDIE: My Burgesses are devilish republican, too.

MORRIS: My Quakers will never vote anything for military affairs. You must count Pennsylvania out, General.

BRADDOCK: Gentlemen, I—are not you the Governors of these Colonies?

SHIRLEY: Yes, General.

BRADDOCK: Then it is to you I speak. I was to say to you that it is the King's pleasure that a general fund be established for the defense of his dominions in America.

SHIRLEY: And we answer you, we can not furnish a man or a penny except with the consent of our Assemblies. That is the state of His Majesty's dominions in America.

DINWIDDIE: Aye, we'd change it if we could, every man of us. But what can we do—it's a principle here. Just as in Parliament—the Commons must vote the money.

BRADDOCK: Tell me this, Governor Dinwiddie. Will Virginia give nothing?

DINWIDDIE: I'll not say she will not. But tell me this. They say you're for moving on the forks of the Ohio—the Gateway of the West. Now is it for Virginia, or for Pennsylvania that you're taking the fort there away from the French?

BRADDOCK: Damn my soul, gentlemen, I—Your pardon. Do you mean to tell me these Americans will not join together for anything?

SHIRLEY: I wouldn't say that. Let the Ministry try to tax them, and we'll see.

MORRIS: If you would tell us your plan, General, we might help.

BRADDOCK: My plan! It's to move westward and hold off the French; quietly, if we can; by open war if we can't.

DINWIDDIE: And the Indians?

BRADDOCK: I am told they are utterly untrustworthy. I shall pay little heed to them.

MORRIS: How will you move—through Pennsylvania?

BRADDOCK: Through Virginia.

DINWIDDIE: There are no roads.

BRADDOCK: I will build a road, if necessary.

DINWIDDIE: The trail is open as far as Great Meadows.

BRADDOCK: I am told the trail is impassable for wagons. I shall follow the route in this map.

[He takes from his aide a map, and lays it before them.]

MORRIS: This map is largely conjectural, I take it.

BRADDOCK: It is official.

DINWIDDIE: Have you the wagons, General?

BRADDOCK: I shall call upon you gentlemen for wagons; it is within my instructions, and your duties.

DINWIDDIE: I know not where we may find them.

MORRIS: I know a man who might find them. Call Mr. Franklin.

[His secretary goes out.]

BRADDOCK: Who is Mr. Franklin?

MORRIS: He's the Postmaster. His charge is inter-colonial.

[Enter Franklin. He is greeted cordially by the Governors, all of whom know him.]

General Braddock, this is Mr. Franklin.

BRADDOCK: Mr. Franklin, yes. Now about these wagons. These gentlemen tell me you can furnish me with wagons. I shall need some sixty odd, fully found, with horses and harness. Starting from Will's Creek. Can you furnish 'em?

FRANKLIN: Bless you, General, I have only two wagons.

BRADDOCK: Aren't you the postmaster? How do you transport the mails?

FRANKLIN: In saddle bags.

BRADDOCK: Good God! What a country.

FRANKLIN: Yes, General—as you say.

BRADDOCK: To be short with you, I need wagons. Will you get them, sir?

FRANKLIN: Will they be paid for?

BRADDOCK: Well, damn your impudence! . . . Yes.

FRANKLIN: I'll get them, then, if these gentlemen want 'em. But a wagon train, for fighting Indians—

BRADDOCK: You need not tell me my business, Mr.

Franklin. The Indians may frighten your militia, but they can make no impression on His Majestys' regulars.

FRANKLIN: Sixty wagons, at Wills Creek. It will take me ten days, General.

BRADDOCK: That's satisfactory, sir. Damme, I'm glad to find a man who will do something. My compliments, Mr. Franklin.

FRANKLIN: Mine, General. And gentlemen.

[Franklin bows himself out.]

BRADDOCK: I suppose I may depend upon you for guides, Governor Dinwiddie.

DINWIDDIE: Call Colonel Washington.

[An aide goes out.]

Colonel Washington has been twice over the trail, General.

BRADDOCK: Is he the militia-man who surrendered to the French? I've heard of him.

[There is a pause, and Washington enters. He bows to the Governor.]

DINWIDDIE: This is Colonel Washington, General Braddock.

[Washington salutes, and Braddock bows.]

BRADDOCK: Yes. I must inform you, however, that officers commissioned by the Colonies have no rank in the service with the regulars.

DINWIDDIE; But in Virginia, General. . .

BRADDOCK: In Virginia, of course, by courtesy,—yes. You see this map, sir. Could you guide my forces along this road?

WASHINGTON: There is no road, sir.

BRADDOCK: I am aware of that, sir. I shall build a road. You have been over the ground, sir.

WASHINGTON: Yes, General. I carried a letter to the French at Venango; that's just beyond your map, sir. And later, I followed the trail with a small force.

BRADDOCK: Yes, so I've heard. Met the French, eh?

WASHINGTON: I took some prisoners, and built a fort. . . Just here, sir. They came in force, and took us. We surrendered at discretion, sir, and returned. It was a Virginia expedition.

BRADDOCK: Are you prepared to go with me?

WASHINGTON: Without a commission, General?

DINWIDDIE: With a commission, Colonel, from Virginia; and a force from Virginia.

BRADDOCK: As a major of the regulars on my staff, sir.

WASHINGTON: In that case, I am at your service, General.

SHIRLEY: General Braddock, we will all do what we can, I am sure. I have information the French are on the move already.

BRADDOCK: That's unlikely. Our coming was secret, sir.

SHIRLEY: With two regiments of regulars, General? Believe me, they know of your coming. But you are right. We must strike together, and strike swiftly. You imagine we can not move in unison. I believe you are wrong. If Virginia, Maryland, Carolina and Pennsylvania can furnish you, I will pledge the North to another expedition, against the forts at Niagara, and with

Governor DeLancey's help from New York, we can send William Johnson and his Indians against Lake Champlain.

BRADDOCK: Good, Governor Shirley. Now if you gentlemen can manage your infernal Assemblies, we shall make short work of the French pretensions.

AN OFFICER: [*entering and approaching Braddock.*] Colonel Dunbar's compliments, sir. The regiment is coming, as you directed, sir.

BRADDOCK: Good. Now, Gentlemen, I have the honor to invite you to review His Majesty's forces.

[*The fifes and drums are heard approaching.*]
Take a look at these, sir, and say what you think of 'em. Are they a match for a few Frenchmen in buckskins, and your savages with hatchets. These are the men I'm counting on, Gentlemen.

[*The regiment marches in on dress parade; very precise and splendid.*

Dinwiddie speaks to Washington.]

DINWIDDIE: Splendid troops, Colonel Washington.

WASHINGTON: I was thinking of the trail, and my Fort Necessity, and the future. God preserve them, sir.

[*The stage darkens and the fifes and drums die in the distance.*]

The Revolution

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

[*Before 1775.*]

Wars still breed wars, and treasure poured with blood
Cries for more treasure. And old chartered rights
In the blind strife are disallowed, and men
Feeling the lash of tyranny, cry out
With fire-brand voices, and the loyalties
Of the long-built years are broken down.
Mighty the voice that roused the storm; the pen
That wrote in flame its declaration; mightier
The hand that guided through the tempest hour
The fire-new nation. Here behold all three,
Virginians—
Henry, and Jefferson, and Washington.

XI

THE CONVENTION OF 1775

The scene is St. John's Church, Richmond. The voice of Patrick Henry is heard in the darkness first, and we discern him in a growing light; then the crowd in the convention becomes visible, all listening with the utmost attention.

In the President's chair is the aged Peyton Randolph. The Reverend Miles Selden, the Chaplain of the convention, next to him. On the left, the conservative members, among them Bland, Harrison, Pendleton, Nicholas and Nelson. .On the left, Washington, Jefferson, and Richard Henry Lee.

PATRICK HENRY [*his voice growing stronger as the light increases,*]

. . . We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight!

[*There is a slight movement in the group around Bland and Pendleton.*]

I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left to us.

They tell us that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be in the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

[*A movement on the part of the group around Jefferson and Lee.*]

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot.

[*Directly to Randolph.*]

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle. . . is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we are base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir let it come!

[*In his seat by Pendleton, Thomas Nelson rises, unconsciously; and some behind Washington do the same.*]

It is vain, sir, to, extenuate the matter. You gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle?—what would you have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

[*He seems bowed in chains, his hands in imagination manacled before him.*]

Forbid it, Almighty God!

[*He raises the chained hands in supplication. Then, to the group around Pendleton.*]

I know not what course others may take, but as for me—
[*He stands erect, and from his arms as he raises
them the chains seem to be rent and fall.*]

Give me liberty. . .or give me death.

[*For a moment a deep silence is felt; then as
one the convention surges to its feet, and a cry,
half smothered, "To arms!" rings in the sudden
darkness.*]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

A year goes by, and still this voice rings wild
In all men's ears. The urge and tumult cry
Have echoed into action; in the field
The patriot bands are slowly shaped to armies;
And in the councils of the State are wrought
Deeds not less valiant—words that flash like swords.

XII

THE CONVENTION OF 1776

The scene is the chamber of the Assembly at Williamsburg; the time, May 1776. The meeting is just coming to order, with Edmund Pendleton presiding.

PENDLETON: We are now met in general Convention, representatives of the people of Virginia, according to the ordinance of our election, and in a truly critical time. The administration of justice, and almost all the powers of the King's government, have now been suspended for nearly two years. It will become us to reflect whether we can longer sustain the great struggle we are making. We must be calm, unanimous, diligent.

We have before us resolutions of Congress, letters from our delegates, questions from the Committee of Safety.

NELSON: Mr. President, I beg leave to report, as for the Committee of the Whole,

Resolved, That thirteen hundred men, minute men and militia, be immediately raised, armed, and sent to the aid of the people of North Carolina.

[Seconds of the resolution are instantly heard.]

BLAND: Mr. President, we all know what this means. How stands the Committee of Safety?

PENDLETON: The Committee of Safety approves. Are you ready for the question?

Ayes?

[The Convention votes in the affirmative.]

Noes? It is so ordered.

THOMAS LEWIS: Mr. President, I have here, and present at the request of a Committee from Augusta County, a representation setting forth the present unhappy situation of the country, the ministerial vengeance upon us now pursuing, and representing the necessity for making the confederacy of the United Colonies most perfect, independent and lasting—an equal free and liberal government that may bear the test of all future ages.

ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS: Out of order, Mr. President.

THOMAS JOHNSON (*not addressing the chair,*) Not so good as Cumberland's or Mason's in Fairfax, but good—mighty good.

PENDLETON: The representation is ordered to be referred to the Committee of the Whole, on the State of the Colony.

ARCHIBALD CARY: I move you, Mr. President, that the Convention now resolve into Committee on the State of the Colony.

PENDLETON: You have heard the motion. Ayes,

[*An affirmative vote.*]

Noes? It is so ordered. Mr. Cary.

[*Cary takes the chair.*]

CARY: You have all heard the substance of the letter from our delegate in Congress, Mr. Richard Henry Lee. You know the situation not of Virginia alone, but of all the Colonies. To meet this emergency, a Committee has been appointed to resolve upon the great question of this hour.

THOMAS NELSON: Mr. Chairman, in behalf of my Committee, I proceed. (*He reads,*)

Forasmuch as all the endeavors of the United Colonies to restore peace and security to America under the British Government . . . have produced increased insult, oppression, destruction . . . and all these colonies have been declared in rebellion, and out of the protection of the British crown . . . Fleets and armies have been raised, and foreign troops engaged to destroy us. Wherefore, appealing to the Searcher of Hearts for the sincerity of former declarations, be it

Resolved, unanimously, That the delegates appointed to represent this Colony in the General Congress be instructed to propose to that body to declare the United Colonies free and independent states, absolved from all allegiance to, or dependence upon, the Parliament of Great Britain. . . .

[*A general shout—"Vote, vote!"*]

PENDLETON: Mr. Chairman. Let our minds be wholly

clear in this. Not without struggle can this day's work be seen to its conclusion. Not without struggle, met here, now and through months, perhaps years, of the future. Resolved, *unanimously*, the resolution states. Let us well consider what it means, and whither it leads.

ROBERT CARTER NICHOLAS: Mr. Chairman, my vote will be recorded against this resolution. I can not bring myself to lend my voice to plunge our people into a war that my reason tells me is well nigh hopeless. I can not vote otherwise than I do. But when the decision is taken, as it will be taken, I offer my life, and all that I possess, to the cause.

THOMAS LUDWELL LEE: Mr. Chairman.

CARY: Mr. Lee.

LEE: We have had solemn warnings from the Treasurer, and from the Chairman of the Committee of Safety. We know the far reaching effect of this resolution. But consider for a moment how we stand in the event of its rejection. Does it not merely state what all men know already to be true? The Royal Governor of Virginia has withdrawn from the capital; has, with troops and warships, ravaged our coast. We have no longer any connection in fact with the Government of Great Britain. Why should we give that Government lip service, after it has deserted us. And not Virginia alone, but all the Colonies now in the Congress. Mr. Chairman, I point you to the seat for Fairfax. Last year, Colonel Washington sat there. To-day he is in the field, at the head of an army—the army of the Continental Congress. Reject the resolution, and we are indeed in rebellion; accept it, and we have set before the world an honorable cause.

RICHARD BLAND: Mr. Chairman.

CARY: Mr. Bland.

BLAND: All that has been said may be true, and still we be not hopeless. War is a terrible thing, and to break the bonds of centuries, the bond with the England that bred and nurtured us, that gave us in our old charters that measure of freedom our fathers possessed, is to break a precious vessel, and spill a sacred liquor. If there be in life any hope of conciliation—

[He is interrupted by shouts, led by Lewis and Johnson, "No conciliation." Mr. Bland holds his place a moment, then sits down.]

PATRICK HENRY: Mr. Chairman.

[Amid shouts from his supporters Henry is recognized.]

I agree old bonds should not be broken except for a good cause. But is not continued oppression, open war, and the declaration that we are in a state of rebellion, a cause? I agree that war is terrible, and that Great Britain is strong, and that America is not yet so united as to present the front of a nation. But to the hope of conciliation I do not, I can not agree. We are at war. And where stands Virginia to-day? She has given to the Congress her greatest soldier for the high command of the forces of America. She has given her voice in council, her blood in the field. And now, in the moment of great resolve, shall she be silent? The glory and the burden of leadership is hers. Her spirit is aflame in the blaze of the siege guns at Boston. And now let her send to the Congress her first unyielding word, her demand, for the declaration to the world of those liberties to which we have pledged more than life. We are a free people, locked already in a righteous war.

Let us so declare, that the world and the Searcher of Hearts may see us in the open light of truth. Virginians, lead on.

[There is a thunder of applause and shouting till the cry of "Vote, vote!" overtops everything.]

CARY: You have heard the Resolutions. Those in favor of their being sent, as our binding instructions, to our delegates in Congress—

[A great cheering "Aye." The negative vote can not be heard, but Robert Carter Nicholas is seen to rise in his place as the lights vanish.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Far to the westward follow—follow in your minds
A thousand miles of wintry march and voyage
With Clark—Clark of Virginia. . . .
The furthest outposts hear his stern demand:
Kaskaskia—Vincennes—and by this stroke
Dominions wide enough for many states
Fell to our people's lot and heritage.

XIII

CLARK AT KASKASKIA

The place is Kaskaskia, a grove in the village where a dance is about to take place. Laughing groups of habitants come in with flowers to decorate the scene; they place benches at left and right, and a floral arch or doorway at the back; through this enter two Provosts of the Ball, who are to be masters of ceremony. The Provosts set to work ordering the guests, the girls along the left side of the stage, the men along the right.]

THE PROVOSTS: [*Dividing the party*] Pray you, Monsieur—pray you, Mademoiselle—etc.

[*Enter Commander Rocheblave, with Madame Rocheblave and a guest, a fashionably dressed young Englishman.*]

THE PROVOST: [*On the right.*] Welcome to you, Monsieur le Commandant—and Madame le Commandant. We are honored supremely.

ROCHEBLAVE: Gentlemen, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Raycliff.

PROVOST: We are enchanted. Mr. Raycliff is an Englishman?

RAYCLIFF: [*Bowing.*] A traveller.

ROCHEBLAVE: We are all in the English service, Mr. Raycliff. At your service.

PROVOST: By your permission, Monsieur le Commandant, the dance may begin?

[*Rocheblave bows, and the Provosts confer apart. The Coureur de Bois enters, and goes immediately to Rocheblave.*]

THE COUREUR: Captain, I beg to report.

ROCHEBLAVE: Wait till the dance is begun. I have a guest.

THE COUREUR: It is in haste. The Long Knives are up the river in force. They are coming down upon us.

RAYCLIFF: The Long Knives?

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE: The Americans, he means. We hear this every day—it is very awkward.

ROCHEBLAVE: Nonsense—it's not possible.

COUREUR: I have reported, Monsieur le Commandant. They say that Clark commands them— Clark of Virginia.

[*Mr. Raycliff is visibly alarmed.*]

ROCHEBLAVE: Be off, you'll alarm the ladies. [*The Cour-
eur salutes and goes out.*] We no longer pay attention
to these tales, Mr. Raycliff. At this season, with the
ice still in the streams—a thousand miles—it's impossible.

[*Enter the Fiddler, amid general applause.
Rocheblave and his guests take seats, while the
Provosts select the dancers for the Gavotte. The
sets are nearly completed when the Provost on
the right selects a young habitant, the one at
the left selecting a young lady; the man comes
forward, but the girl stands rebelliously still.*]

PROVOST: Pray you, Mademoiselle.

YOUNG LADY: No, Monsieur le Provost, I will not dance.

PROVOST: Mademoiselle, the gavotte waits. Monsieur at-
tends.

YOUNG LADY: I do not choose to dance with the gentle-
men you have called. Besides, Monsieur le Command-
ant has a guest. Do the honored Provosts know he does
not wish to dance?

PROVOST: [*Speechless with rage.*] Mademoiselle!

YOUNG LADY: I have not heard the Provosts inquire of
the guest. I do not know he does not wish to dance.
Why not ask him? I will wait.

ROCHEBLAVE: [*Coming forward.*] Monsieur le Provost,
I have a guest. May I beg for him the honor of a dance.

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE: This is most unusual. You have
created quite a flutter, Mr. Raycliff.

[Raycliff bows low to Madame, and to the Provosts; while he is being presented to the young lady, Rocheblave turns to the rejected partner.]

ROCHEBLAVE: Monsieur, you place me perpetually in your debt. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness to my guest.

[The young man bows and withdraws, Rocheblave returning to Madame. The dance begins. A crowd has gathered, and the sides of the stage are filled with settlers, soldiers and Indians.

As the dance progresses, a light far back of the stage discloses the shadowy figures of Clark's men creeping down over the hill.

Then Clark enters, unobserved; he is in the tattered uniform of a Virginia Colonel; his boots are missing, and he wears moccasins. He saunters into the scene, and stands quietly watching, across from Rocheblave. An Indian spies him, and darts out, standing an instant before Clark and then running to Rocheblave.]

THE INDIAN: The Long Knives!

[The Coureur rushes in, shouting.]

COUREUR: The Americans! We are surrounded, Captain.

ROCHEBLAVE: *[Coming down to confront Clark.]* Silence. Who are you, Sir?

CLARK: Colonel Clark, at your service.

[At the words, the crowd is seized with terror; women scream, the men shout, and in the distance war whoops are heard. Raycliff takes off Madame Rocheblave, the dancers run off, and the soldiers move up behind Rocheblave.]

ROCHEBLAVE: By whose authority do you come here?

CLARK: By the authority of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia. You are surrounded. Captain, your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE: Insolence! Men, this gentleman is our prisoner.

[The soldiers start forward; Clark raises his hand, and his rangers enter. Rocheblave's men, who are unarmed, fall back.]

CLARK: *[With biting irony.]* Gentlemen, I pray you continue your entertainment. I speak for the Governor of Virginia. Monsieur Rocheblave, I must again demand your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE: I will not surrender my garrison to your night prowlers. I will not—

CLARK: Put that man under guard. Disarm him.

[The rangers arrest and disarm Rocheblave.]

You have yet to know the measure of my severity, sir. I warn you, I can show no pity. I'll know whether we are to be openly defied or not. Search the town, and bring me all the Britishers you find. Let all keep within their houses, on pain of death, till I order otherwise.

ROCHEBLAVE: I protest, Sir, against this savage mode of warfare.

CLARK: I am quite able to care for my part of this business. Take him out.

[The habitants have all gone save a few of the bolder spirits; Clark looks at these, frowning heavily, and they slink away. When they are gone, his expression changes; he throws back his head, laughing to himself. The Fiddler, who

has been watching him, comes over, bows humbly, and offers his greeting.]

FIDDLER: Monsieur the new Commandant, I hope you will not forget me, when you desire that there shall be a dance, for the people of the post.

CLARK: [*Genially.*] I shall call upon you, Monsieur.
[*The Fiddler loiters by the gate way. Enter, Pere Gibault.*]

PERE GIBAULT: [*Frightened, but intent on his duty.*] Is this the American Commander?

CLARK: [*Severely.*] I am Colonel Clark, at your service.

PERE GIBAULT: I am a man of peace, Monsieur le Commandant, and know nothing of your war. I speak for my people, who are loyal subjects. I am called Pere Gibault.

CLARK: I am glad to meet you, sir.

PERE GIBAULT: I have come to speak for my people. Everywhere they beg for their lives, and the village is mad with fear. Monsieur le Commandant, I must know what their fate is to be. Are they to be slaves of the Americans?

CLARK: [*Suddenly gracious.*] You do not understand, Mr. Gibault. We have come to free these people, not to enslave them. They are to be citizens, not subjects. Mr. Gibault, our is a war for liberty, for justice. I must have order among your people, but they are free now, as they never were before.

PERE GIBAULT: And they are not to be driven from their homes by your "Long Knives?"

CLARK: Certainly not.

PERE GIBAULT: And they are not even to lose their property?

CLARK: Not a penny.

PERE GIBAULT: Tell me, Monsieur Colonel Clark, are they to be allowed to come to worship as they were?

CLARK: We have nothing to do with churches, save to defend them from insult. By the laws of Virginia, your religion has as great privileges as any other.

PERE GIBAULT: Monsieur Clark, my son, I am overwhelmed at your kindness. I am already, in my heart, a citizen of Virginia. I must tell my people.

[He starts to go out, but returns.]

Though I know nothing of the temporal business, I can give them some advice, in a spiritual way, that shall be conducive to your cause. God bless you, Colonel Clark.

[Exit Pere Gibault; there is a pause, then glad cries and a sound of singing off stage. The Fiddler, who has lingered, now comes back and approaches Clark.]

THE FIDDLER: I see it will be necessary for me to play to-night. Our people will want music. I hear them already, singing.

[A group of the dancers rushes gaily in.]

CLARK: You shall fiddle to-night under the flag of Virginia, sir. Strike your strings.

[As he speaks, the townspeople flock back, cheering and exultant; they cross the stage and go on, taking Clark with them.]

WILLIAMSBURG NIGHT

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

From Williamsburg, the second capital,
To-night come citizens to bring a scene
Of peace still building in the midst of war,
When the old College, named in gentler days
For William and Mary, shook its ancient bonds
And, hopeful, turned to meet the modern world.

XIV

THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY BECOMES A UNIVERSITY

The scene is the meeting of the Board of Visitors, December 4, 1779.

A group of boys is romping in the room; the old colored doorkeeper comes in to drive them out.

THE OLD DOORKEEPER: Here, you boys—you got to get out of here—the Usher's comin'.

[The boys answer with derisive laughter.]

An' the perfessers is comin', and the Bo'd of Visitors, and the President, and the Governor—they's all comin'.

[The boys continue romping.]

You all min' what I say now—

[The Usher enters, and raps sharply on the desk; the boys come to order.]

THE USHER: Young gentlemen! You will leave this room directly. It is to be prepared for the meeting of the Board of Visitors.

A BOY: Oh, sir, mayn't we stay and see the Governor?

THE USHER: You may not. He has only come, I hope,

to rid the college of your presence altogether. Now take your leave.

[The boys start out sullenly.]

Young gentlemen!

[The boys turn and bow formally, and leave the room with dignity—so far as they are able.]

Set the chair for the Governor here, beside Mr. Page's.

[The Board of Visitors enter, Mr. Page escorting Governor Jefferson. They take their seats, and Mr. Page opens the meeting.]

JOHN PAGE: The meeting of the Board of Visitors is in order. With the progress of the war, and the depreciation of the currency, and with the change in men's minds that has been wrought by the revolution of the country, we are brought to the necessity of looking well to the affairs of the College of William and Mary. It is plain that we can not go on exactly as in the past.

BENJAMIN HARRISON: Why not, sir? The record of the College has been creditable. Too much democracy among the recent graduates, perhaps, but it's an honorable record.

JOHN PAGE: I mentioned, Mr. Harrison, the depreciation of the currency. We can not go on. You will see, when you go into the reports, sir.

BENJAMIN HARRISON: That's unfortunate. That's bad.

NATHANIEL BURWELL: Aye, too bad. Hoped we could just continue things as they are till the war's over.

JAMES MADISON: Gentlemen, no matter what the condition, I for one, welcome it. If we must change, here is the hour when we may change for the better, for the future. If a branch does not bear, let us lop it off.

[*The Usher, at the door, comes forward.*]

THE USHER: A delegation of students, sir, with a petition.

HARRISON: Eh, what's that?

JOHN PAGE: The Board is occupied with important discussions, sir. Please tell them so.

THE USHER: Your pardon, sir, but they tell me their petition affects the whole purpose and organization of the College, and that Mr. Jefferson helped them with it, sir.

JOHN BANISTER: What's this? The Governor helped them with it, eh. Here's democracy. Who are they?

THE USHER: The Phi Beta Kappa Society, sir.

NATHANIEL BURWELL: Never heard of them before.

JOHN PAGE: If the Governor has interested himself in their petition—

JEFFERSON: I confess that I have, sir. They came to me with it, and they were so much in earnest, and wise beyond their years—

JOHN PAGE: With the consent of the Board, we will hear their petition.

[*The Usher brings in the delegation of the Phi Beta Kappa, led by John Heath.*]

JOHN HEATH: May it please this honorable Board to receive this petition from the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of this College?

[*Mr. Page nods in assent. John Heath reads.*]

JOHN HEATH: When this College was established, nearly a hundred years ago, the motive of its founder, James

Blair, Commissary of the Bishop of London, was to provide for the education of those who intended to prepare themselves for holy orders. At that time, a grammar school was needed as part of the College. We now petition, and for reasons we shall state, that the grammar school be abandoned. The discipline for young boys is of necessity stricter and of a different order from that of young gentlemen in college—

NATHANIEL BURWELL: The young gentleman is correct. I remember when I was in this college, two of my respected brothers, aged seven and nine, were here also. And whatever I did, or wherever I went, they were on my heels. Tagging young brats! Same with all the others. Drop the grammar school, I say.

JOHN HEATH: Without the grammar school, the entire College could be placed on the honor system. . . .

JOHN BANISTER: I see Mr. Jefferson's hand clearly now. No discipline, sir. Just democracy.

JAMES MADISON: Do you doubt the effects of Democracy, sir? In the midst of the war in which we are engaged—

JOHN BANISTER: That's all very well, Dr. Madison. For the country, in a time of great political emergency, and all that. But for lads just ripe for the birch—

NATHANIEL BURWELL: Let 'em be put on their honor, sir. What's the harm in it?

JOHN BANISTER: Well, we'll hear what the lads have to say.

JOHN HEATH: When the College was founded, Virginia was a Colony, administered for the profit of England. To-day, thanks to our glorious revolution, we are a free

people, destined by the blessing of God to become a powerful state. The kind of education suited to men living under the tyranny of the British King, is not the kind of education for a nation of free men.

NATHANIEL BURWELL: [*To Jefferson*] 'Egad sir, will you have the Greek and Latin classics written over?

HEATH: At this time, neither Harvard College, Yale College, nor the College at Princeton offers instruction in the natural sciences, nor in law, medicine, nor the elegant literatures of France, Italy and Spain. . . .

JOHN PAGE: In short, you young gentlemen, and the Governor, suggest a complete new plan for the College?

JOHN HEATH: We should hardly go so far as to say that, sir. We do suggest that it be made a true university.

JOHN BANISTER: Is not Cambridge a university? And does it desert the great tradition of classic learning for this sort of modern folly? No, sir.

JOHN PAGES: We have heard your petition, young gentlemen. And with the consent of the Board, [*the others nod assent*] you will be permitted to remain in the room while it is discussed.

JAMES MADISON: Mr. Chairman.

JOHN PAGE: Dr. Madison.

JAMES MADISON: Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, and fellow members of the Board of Visitors, I for one hail this hour with joy. It seems to me an augury of a brilliant future, when a select body of youth, fired with zeal for the highest and noblest learning, appears before us, their governors, and asks our co-operation in reforms

that are destined to place our venerable College in the forefront of American—nay, of European, institutions. These young men, with their eyes fixed steadily on the rising sun of liberty, ask that the natural sciences be given their due place; the place they deserve for their application to man's needs and development. And they ask for those studies that concern man as a social, ethical and political being. We should consider well. We should be ready, with them, to build according to the needs of the time to come.

NATHANIEL BURWELL: These sciences, though. . . Yesterday it was Newton, and to-day it's Priestly, and to-morrow, God knows.

JOHN BANISTER: Mr. Chairman, let us not deceive ourselves. We know the handiwork of his Excellency, Governor Jefferson. We all admire his learning, while we deprecate certain of his heresies. Who but he has separated the Church and the State in Virginia? This is a further move in the same direction. Let us not spare words. Is it wise to go further? Where shall the service of God be nourished, if this College be delivered to secular sciences? For the grammar school, I say nothing. But this is a far deeper question than any of administration and method alone—it is a question of aims and purposes. And with all my strength, I oppose it here, and will fight against it hereafter.

JEFFERSON: Mr. Chairman.

JOHN PAGE: Your Excellency.

JEFFERSON: The speaker is right when he says that this is a new aim, a new purpose. But does he believe that as sweeping a change in government as our Revolution has made can be supported without sweeping changes in

the education of men? We are on the threshold of a new era in the life of the race. Old things must go down, and new things must arise. It is true that the question is grave, but I am not sure that graver issues do not lie behind it. We have before us the opportunity to make one of the great decisions for the State as well as for the College. Fix your hearts upon the concept of human rights. Recall the vision of Milton in his *Areopagitica*:

“Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her, as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance.”

And holding this vision of our nation, hear the voice of youth, and serve it. For this is our highest task—our deepest obligation.

JAMES MADISON: I move you, sir, that we reorganize the College of William and Mary into a true University, with schools of Natural Science, Law, Medicine and the Modern Languages. And that it be administered by an elective, and governed by an honor, system.

JOHN PAGE: You have heard the motion? Those in favor?

[All the visitors but two vote Aye.]

Contrary.

[Banister and one other vote in the negative.]

Young gentlemen of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, you have heard the debate. You know the decision. The Board of Visitors is grateful to you. You may make

known to the students of the College the news that the reorganization into a university has now begun.

[The young men file out. The Visitors bend to their discussion; in the distance the rejoicing of the students at the good news can be heard, as the scene ends.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Now the long war is drawing to its end,
The struggle to its peace. Back to the soil
Of this Virginia, in the golden autumn,
We follow Washington.
And from the Yorktown trenches,
Behold, the last strong British army's march
To its surrender, and our sovereignty.

XV

YORKTOWN

The scene is the field where the Surrender took place. A few scattered civilians loiter, waiting for the event. At the entrance of the armies, they move off to the background.

The French enter first, and take their stand at left centre, Count Rochambeau at their head. The Americans enter from behind the mound, coming around to face the French at right centre, Washington, Nelson, Lafayette, Steuben and Lincoln at their head.

In the distance at centre, a drummer appears on the top of the intrenchment. His drum rolls once, and the British band is heard playing "The World Upside Down." General O'Hara comes on foot, three aides im-

mediately following. He comes forward slowly, carrying Lord Cornwallis's sword.

A rustle and a whisper go through the waiting ranks as they see that it is not Cornwallis in person. Washington says a word to General Lincoln, who rides forward. As he meets General O'Hara at centre, the British standards, cased, come up over the embankment, the troops, British and German, following close behind.

The sword is handed to General Lincoln, who instantly returns it. General O'Hara leads around off to the right, accompanied by General Lincoln; the cased standards are given up, and the troops, passing before the Americans, ground their arms. The British band ceases, and Yankee Doodle begins as the scene vanishes in darkness.

ROANOKE NIGHT

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

To-night, from Roanoke, come a new band
Of hardy maskers—pioneers. They bring
A moment by the Roadway of the West,
A picture, passing, of the vanished life
That carried down the sunset trail the blood
Which made a wilderness Virginian.

XVI.

THE ROAD TO THE WEST

Through the night, wagons and men are seen passing, the pale gray tops of the Conestogas glimmering, the harness rattling faintly. They disappear.

Now we see that the place, in the dawn, is before a cabin, a prosperous cabin beside the westward road, in the early years of the nineteenth century.

The door opens, and the wakening household comes forth for the duties of the day: one of the lads for water; the mother with milk pails, the father taking his pitchfork from beside the door and starting out to feed the stock.

Then in the doorway stands the daughter. It is a great day for her, and she stands expectant, dreaming.

The first wagon load of neighbors arrive; at the same time, from the other direction down the road, a group of girls from the nearby farms; the girls hale the daughter of the house out, and crown her with garlands.

The father and mother hasten up to greet the guests, A fiddle is heard, and the player of it, an old man, comes down the road; he is greeted joyously, and given a place of honor.

The preacher arrives next, on horseback, with his books in his saddle bags. He is received with every consideration.

Then the lads, friends of the groom.

Gifts are now brought out and showered upon the young couple. The preacher takes his stand for the wedding; and when it is over, the fiddler plays, the young people dance, and their elders set out the wedding breakfast.

The wagon is now brought in—a great Conestoga with a new white canopy. The gifts are loaded into it.

The Old Pioneer enters, with a few followers, and a little train of pack horses. He pauses to take in the situation.

THE OLD PIONEER: Morning, strangers. A wedding, eh? Starting westward? Aye, and ye're wise young 'uns. Over the mountains . . . to the valleys of morning. Come wi' me, my friends. I'll take ye over Daniel Boone's trail—down to the West. I'll take ye where the whole world's new, and ye can hew it to yer likin', if ye're steady enough, and strong enough, and are patient enough, and love enough. I'm off on the road to the West this morning. Will ye come?

The groom lifts the bride into the wagon. The Old Pioneer goes on before them with his pack mules. The guests gather to cheer them on their way. The groom's whip cracks, and the great wagon lumbers off down the Road to the West, leaving the parents and guests waving them on their way as the light fades from the scene.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA NIGHT

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Welcome Virginia's University,
And see its far beginnings, and the men
Who shaped its purposes; and Jefferson,
Whose lengthened shadow is its shelter still.

XVII

THE OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY

The scene is on the lawn outside one of the Pavilions. Students in groups are strolling about, some reading, and a number in deep study of a small brown paper pamphlet.

A new student arrives; he is from South Carolina; he is handsomely and elaborately dressed, and attended by an old colored servant who is heavily laden with bags and boxes—the luggage of a fashionable young man of the year 1825.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM SOUTH CAROLINA: [*Speaking in an impersonal manner to the students in general.*] Is this where you come to enter the new University?

[Gessner Harrison and Henry Tutwiler step forward to answer him; they are both in homespun.]

HARRISON: It is.

TUTWILER: Were you thinking of entering?

THE YOUNG MAN: Certainly, sir. That's what I've come here for. And a devilish bad road, too, all the way from Charleston. Put the things down, Caesar. This is the place. My name's Thomas Pinckney. Can you tell me, is Mr. Thomas Jefferson about the plantation?

HARRISON: I don't think so. We should have seen him if he were, you may be sure.

PINCKNEY: I thought I might let him know I'd come—he's a sort of a friend of my father's. Can you direct me to the best hotel?

TUTWILER: I imagine the Proctor will assign you to the one you will occupy.

PINCKNEY: The Proctor. Who is he?

HARRISON: Mr. Brockenbrough. You'll meet him.

PINCKNEY: Yes, I suppose so. Well now, what do I do first?

TUTWILER: You matriculate.

PINCKNEY: [*the word is quite strange to him.*] Yes . . . yes of course, But where? I suppose one pays one's fees, and that sort of thing. You see, I'm anxious to get settled down to my studies.

HARRISON: I take it you haven't seen the little brown book yet?

PINCKNEY: Little brown book—what's that?

TUTWILER: The rules. [*He holds up a copy of the pamphlet.*] You can't matriculate until you've studied the rules.

HARRISON: And accepted them.

PINCKNEY: What do they amount to, anyway?

TUTWILER: Eighteen pages. Small type. Begin with the bell at dawn; breakfast at sunrise. And the janitor to see to it you get up.

PINCKNEY: When I'm up at sunrise, I never want my breakfast.

HARRISON: You'll be up at sunrise every day here. The brown book says so.

PINCKNEY: I don't like to think you're trying to pick a quarrel, sir. But if you are—

TUTWILER: Hold your horses.

[Enter the Proctor and the Patron, on their way to their offices.]

Here comes the Proctor now, and the Patron.

PINCKNEY: Oh, yes. So you're the Proctor, sir. I've come to—to—well, to be a student at the new University.

THE PROCTOR: You have, sir?

PINCKNEY: I'm told you assign the lodgings to the gentlemen, and I want one with some place for my servant. Nothing elaborate, of course—my father told me I must live simply and economically.

THE PROCTOR: Well, sir. There will be no lodging for your servant. You can't keep him here.

PINCKNEY: But what shall I do?—

THE PROCTOR: Send him home. And you may as well send home most of your luggage with him. Here is the book of rules. Read this. Learn it. Then if you still wish to matriculate, come to me. And by the way, you must deposit all the money you have with you with the Patron. That gentleman yonder.

PINCKNEY: Of course I expected to pay my fees, sir.

THE PROCTOR: I am not speaking of fees. All your money. The patron will allow you, from time to time, what little you need for spending.

PINCKNEY: Now look here, Mr. Proctor—

THE PROCTOR: Devote yourself to the book of rules. Come to see me when you have mastered them, and I may permit you to matriculate.

[The Proctor turns and goes into his office.]

PINCKNEY: Caesar, you may as well take the things down to the tavern.

CAESAR: Yes, Marse Tom.

PINCKNEY: And wait for me there. I—I think I shall live at the tavern.

CAESAR: *[turning to go out with the luggage.]* Yes, Marse Tom.

TUTWILER: I don't believe you understand. You won't be allowed to live at the tavern. . . . It's in the book.

PINCKNEY: *[looking at the book.]* This is terrible. I don't see how—and in a University for gentlemen, too. *[He takes out his money and counts it.]* And no money to spend! . . . Up at dawn. I don't know what Mr. Jefferson can be thinking about. I supposed after all his talk about liberty and independence—and here the place is a monastery!

HARRISON: You'd better begin studying the little brown book.

PINCKNEY: I'll do nothing of the sort. This Proctor person can't impose on me. I shall go straight to

Thomas Jefferson and tell him how things are being run here. I'll shake up the old Democrat. I'll let him know my father said—

[An old gentleman is seen dismounting from his horse at the other side of the stage. Harrison and Tutwiler catch sight of him, as do the other groups of students.]

TUTWILER: There—I believe that's Mr. Jefferson—

HARRISON: It is. Now don't you—

PINCKNEY: I will too. Don't you tell me—I'll—

[Mr. Jefferson comes slowly across the lawn; everywhere the groups of young men bow as he passes, taking off their hats and showing profound and instinctive respect.

As he comes near the young man from South Carolina, that worthy's spirit abates; and he too takes off his hat and bows. Mr. Jefferson turns at the pavilion.]

JEFFERSON: Good morning, young gentlemen. This is a great day—the day of the opening of our University—but of course, you could hardly be expected to know . . . how great a day . . . it is.

[He passes into the pavilion, and the scene darkens. When it is light again, we are within the Rotunda; the Board of Visitors and the Faculty are gathered, officially to open the University.]

JAMES MADISON: On behalf of the Board of Visitors, and at the request of the Rector [*bowing to Jefferson,*] I welcome the Professors of the Faculty of the University of Virginia. To those of you who have come from Eng-

land, and from the Continent, we wish to extend, in every possible sense, the hospitality of the State—I may almost say, of America.

PROFESSOR LONG: Speaking for my associates, and humbly for myself,—we who have endured the crossing of the Atlantic in the service of the University *in posse*, thank you, and rejoice with you to find that University, to-day, *in esse*.

JOSEPH C. CABELL: And in the beginning of your labors, some of us who have been for many years active in this project may look for release from some part of our burdens. What it has meant to rear these halls, in the preparing of men's minds, in thought and vision many times baffled but persistent, in effort put forth through many years, only the Rector, who is in truth not the Founder, but the Father, of this University can ever tell. To him we have deferred many times, giving up our ideas of expediency to meet his more patient and loftier purposes. And now—the work is for you to carry forward. It is with every confidence that we place it in your hands.

PROFESSOR TUCKER: In behalf of the Faculty, I accept the charge of these colleges. And to-day, I suggest that the students, for whom in the end all exists, be called in to hear a greeting at the outset of their studies, from the Rector.

[Visitors and professors alike agree.

The Proctor signals for the admission of the students, and they troop in, standing respectfully.]

JEFFERSON: Young gentlemen, if we are strangers, the

fault shall not be mine. I have dreamed of you, here, and of this day's meeting, for forty years. I shall, I trust, if I am spared, come to know you all. Will you come up and dine with me, at Monticello?

THE STUDENTS: [*in resounding chorus.*] Yes, sir.

JEFFERSON: Dear me! I—I hardly realized we were on such unanimous terms. Perhaps—five or six at a time? We must arrange it at once. I can not speak long to you to-day. My heart is too full. If I could tell you what I hope for in you! All my life I have loved most the thought of freedom among men. For this the University exists. You, and those who follow you through these pavilions, are our inheritors. It must be yours to see that your heritage passes forward, undiminished, to a great, free future.

[His voice ceases, and with it the place and people vanish in a slowly gathering night. Outside on the lawn, appears a motley company of five students, being marched and drilled by a sixth, who is scarcely recognizable as Thomas Pinckney. They execute their manoevers to the tune of "The bear went over the mountain," or some equally jovial ditty. After marching and countermarching, Pinckney halts them.]

PINCKNEY: Halt. Rest. Sit down.

[They sit.]

Now, that the purposes for which we have assembled may be clear to all, or, in the words of our beloved Rector, the decent opinions of mankind—I trust you know the words, gentlemen, after eight months . . . Now, are we, or are we not, in favor of Professors from the Continent of Europe?

THE FIVE: We are not.

PINCKNEY: The answer is correct. Are we, or are we not, in favor of professors from the perfidious island of England?

THE FIVE: We are not.

PINCKNEY: The answer is again correct, and unanimous. Such an answer demands action.

[At this another group of three students come drilling on, to another ditty, led by one whom we shall designate as the Corporal.]

THE CORPORAL: What's here, gentlemen. A meeting in serenade of our beloved superiors?

PINCKNEY: Your surmise is right.

[The three take places with the five.]

Now in a case of this sort, assuming the object of our righteous indignation to be the lamentable scion of Britain known as Long, what should be done.

FIRST STUDENT: He should be drawn and quartered.

PINCKNEY: I regret to say that is impossible. He is not big enough to quarter with dignity.

SECOND STUDENT: Cold steel, sir—cold steel is my vote.

PINCKNEY: While I agree with you that the insect deserves no less, I prefer that cold steel be reserved for Blatterman.

[The students all bark derisively at the name. A new group of four come on, singing lustily, but not in any formation. They join the conference.]

THIRD STUDENT: My suggestion, sir, is that we fume him.

Smoke him, sir. And I have brought with me the fit and proper engine for the purpose. [*He holds up a large bottle.*] There is in this precious vial, sufficient fumes to make untenable the whole Rotunda. Concentrated in a single and objectionable domicile, it will banish him, even if all England were at his back. This will smoke him out, sir. Let us adjourn to his window, and get to our work.

PINCKNEY: Fall in!

THE CORPORAL: Stay—who's yonder?

PINCKNEY: The reptile in person. Gentlemen, your masks. Silence.

[Along the campus comes Professor Long, a pale, studious little Englishman, wholly absent-minded and unconscious of his tormentors. He passes in by the tower at the right, the students standing fixed and silent until he has gone by.]

THE CORPORAL: There goes the enemy. Gentlemen, to your smoke-pots.

PINCKNEY: Right wheel.

[Their intention is interrupted by a new group, clad in quilts, and blowing horns lustily. The one in the red quilt, who seems to be a leader, draws up his forces in opposition to the party headed by Pinckney.]

RED QUILT: What ho! Are you our friends or foes?

PINCKNEY: Friends; on the way to visit vengeance upon our oppressors.

RED QUILT: What oppressors?

CORPORAL: Professors.

PINCKNEY: We design, sir, to fume the domicile of the despicable Briton, Long.

RED QUILT: We will join you, citizens, But let us not be discouraged in well doing. An oath—I demand an oath, sir, that you will not sleep tonight while any professor sleeps. Let's rouse them all. Have you but one smoke-pot?

THE CORPORAL: Only one, sir.

RED QUILT: That will do to begin. Forward.

[The men with horns blow lustily; they approach Long's house, becoming more and more uproarious.]

Halt. You with the smoke pot. Heave it through the window.

[The man with the smoke-pot steps forward.]

THE THIRD STUDENT: Will you have a whiff of it, gentlemen?

[He uncorks the bottle and passes it before the outraged noses of the others, who yell their approval. Then, with a fine flourish, he heaves it through the window. There is a crash of glass, a scream, and then a high clear English voice.]

PROFESSOR LONG: *[within,]* The damned young ruffians!
[The crowd shouts with glee. From across the campus two more professors enter, very determined men in pursuit of discipline.]

PINCKNEY: Hold, gentlemen. The enemy receives reinforcements. Let us retreat at once.

RED QUILT: Retreat be damned, sir! Let them have it too.

[*At his suggestion the whole crowd surges toward the two professors.*]

PROFESSOR TUCKER: Young gentlemen, we must insist that you at once return to your respective rooms, and restore quiet and order to the campus.

PROFESSOR EMMETT: You have heard Professor Tucker's command, sir.

[*The students blow the horns again, lustily, those without horns shouting. A couple of pistols are fired in the air. Red Quilt dances provokingly up to the professors, swinging his robe in their faces.*]

PROFESSOR TUCKER: Stop, sir. I'll bring you to your senses.

[*He catches the robe; Professor Emmett comes to his assistance. They tug at it, and Red Quilt tugs to get free; the others swarm around them.*]

RED QUILT: Let go—you're tearing my shirt, damn you.

[*He strikes at Tucker, and Emmett returns the blow smartly with his cane. The fight instantly becomes general, and the shouts take on an angry tone. The two professors are forced back against the wall. The alarm bell begins to ring.*]

PINCKNEY: There, gentlemen—gentlemen. Break, break up—break up!

[*The Proctor and two or three more professors come on, calling the crowd to order.*]

THE PROCTOR: Order, order. To your rooms. Begone!

[*The crowd of students melts away suddenly.*]

Gentlemen—what was it?

PROFESSOR TUCKER: Assault, sir. And insult. I shall communicate with the Board of Visitors in the morning, sir. Good night.

[He and Professor Emmett turn and walk off in high dudgeon, striking the ground with their walking sticks and muttering vengeance. The scene darkens for a moment.

When it is lighted again, the place is within the Rotunda; the Visitors are seated, among them Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Cocke, Cabell and Chapman Johnson.

Professor Key and Professor Long face the Visitors.]

PROFESSOR LONG: Professor Key agrees with me, honorable Visitors. Inasmuch as the opposition is to us, we feel that we have lost the respect of these young men too much to permit of our meeting them again.

JEFFERSON: We can only beg you, gentlemen, to withhold your decision until the Board of Visitors can examine into the matter. Let the students who presented this remonstrance come before us.

THE PROCTOR: The Committee with the remonstrance will be heard by the Board of Visitors.

[The students enter, a large group, very sullen and intractable.]

THE PROCTOR: You have brought in this remonstrance?

PINCKNEY: Yes sir. We have signed this—some sixty of us—because we hold it against our rights as men and our dignity as students to be assaulted and struck by members of the faculty. And specially Professor Emmett and Professor Tucker, who both at once attacked one man.

MADISON: This is strange. We understood it was some twenty of you that attacked them.

PINCKNEY: That was afterward.

MADISON: And what about the injurious chemicals that were thrown into Mr. Long's house? That also constitutes an assault. Who did that?

PINCKNEY: We must all decline to answer any question which may reflect upon another.

MADISON: And you persist in shielding the culprits?

PINCKNEY: We do.

MADISON: There seems to be a deadlock.

JEFFERSON: This is one of the most painful events, the bitterest days, in my life. That our University, where for the first time the State has opened the doors to the highest thought, the finest and truest learning, should be made a place of riot and disorder; that the innocent—if any such there be—should shield the guilty; that—I can not believe it, my friends. Is this what we have worked and planned for forty years? . . . I can not proceed. Let—let some other voice answer you. . . .

CHAPMAN JOHNSON: Young gentlemen—if I may so address you—I take the liberty of speaking for Mr. Jefferson, who is perhaps more moved than you deserve. You began innocently enough, perhaps, with trivial disorders. You progressed to serious riot, menacing the peace and concord of the whole University. The same thing has happened before. Through your efforts, two of the most valued of our professors have this day resigned their chairs. This is a deep injury to you, and to all the students of the University. I do not speak to the

innocent now, but to the guilty. I do not ask who is guilty, but are you guilty? I do not ask any man to inform on another. I do ask—is there a man here, who took part in last night's disorder, who is not man enough to come forward and give his name.

PINCKNEY: Since you do not ask us to inform, but to confess,—I was one, sir.

[The other students, to the number of about half the whole number present, come forward, give their names to the Secretary, and step back. When they are all in place again, Red Quilt, whom we have difficulty in recognizing, steps forward, alone.]

RED QUILT: I suppose I was the most guilty, sirs. I led them on.

[Jefferson rises slowly.]

JEFFERSON: My nephew? You were one of these disorderly ruffians? You led them?

RED QUILT: Yes, Uncle. I shouldn't let any other man take my blame for it.

JEFFERSON: You, sir. My nephew. A lad I have myself maintained and instructed. You have been in this—have led it. I—I can scarcely believe it. You have led these young men in their revolt against all I have built. You confess it?

RED QUILT: Yes, Uncle Thomas.

JEFFERSON: Then so far as you are concerned, the action of the University in expelling you is anticipated. I expel you.

[Red Quilt, pale and humble, drops back to the group.]

Young men—sons of Virginia. If I can make you un-

derstand! A riot in itself may be nothing—the mere exuberance of youth—and youth is so greatly our care. But to break up by disorder the greatest purpose of this house of learning—that is to tread down the freedoms of the future. For what does the University exist? To teach you the laws and sciences of life? Not these things alone. But to give you the essence—the torch—the sacred flame. To give the State and the nation, in the years to come, that leadership which alone can guard the liberties that have been bought with such dear blood. Will ye waste it all. Will ye pour out in folly the hope that we are just beginning to see shaping itself in enduring marble, and in ineffable vision? The word is yours—what shall it be?

PINCKNEY: For me, sir, I beg their forgiveness—and yours.

THE STUDENTS: And I—and I sir. . . . We offer our apologies sir. . . . We didn't know, sir.

PROFESSOR LONG: May we suggest, sir, that we hear the remonstrance the students have drawn up.

PINCKNEY: It's hardly worth while, sir.

JEFFERSON: Yes, we will hear it. Not in condonement of disorders, but in the cause of that self government which is, at the last, the highest purpose of education. To produce enlightened citizens—that is our dearest aim. And if this may lead to some system of government by the honor, as well as the consent, of the governed—that would be in full accord with our best hopes. . . . Ah, young gentlemen, I have nothing to forgive you, but much to anticipate, the little time I have left to live, for what you shall come to be, after me.

[*The scene closes.*]

The Confederacy

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Now in the march of the slow-treading years
Men build a nation; and its many states
Stand each to each as sovereign unities.
How strong the bond—how strong the sovereign power!
The nation for the states, the one for all,
Or each to its own freedom's altar consecrate? . . .
Two diverse policies, each deeply wrought
Into a people's being: from these two—
Struggles, divisions, the red flame of war.
So for an hour, between the North and South,
Virginia stood, and pleaded long for peace.
But, peace denied, she faced the onward storm,
In her own soul and conscience strongly armed,
And cast the die, and gave unto the South
Her treasure and her youth, her blood—and Lee.

XVIII

THE SECESSION OF VIRGINIA

The scene is in the hall of the Mechanic's Institute, in Richmond; afterwards in the Capitol. The Virginia Convention is seated, Mr. John Janney in the chair.

JOHN TYLER . . . Through the Conference for Peace, I aspired to the glory of aiding to settle this controversy. I had worn the honors of office through each grade to the highest; . . . but the wreath to be won by the restoration of the Union, . . . would have been to me the crowning act of my life. . . . I had hoped, at the opening of the Peace Conference, that we might accomplish the great object Virginia had in view. . . . But I found

that many had come with no olive branch in their hands. They had nothing to give—nothing to yield. And the Conference for Peace, Virginia's effort to bring together the North and the cotton states that have already gone out of the Union, has failed. . . .

You have to choose your association. Will you find it among the icebergs of the North or the cotton fields of the South?

[*There are shouts, "South—South!"*]

JOHN JANNEY: Order. Proceed, Mr. Tyler.

JOHN TYLER: Sir, I am done. I look with fear and trembling at the condition of my country. But I do want to see Virginia united; . . . I have entire confidence that her proud crest will yet be seen waving in that great procession of States that go up to the temple to make their vows to maintain their liberties, "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must."

[*Several gentlemen rise to speak.*]

JOHN JANNEY: The chair recognizes Mr. Fulton Anderson, Commissioner from Mississippi.

FULTON ANDERSON: Gentlemen, let me renew to you the invitation of my State and people, to unite with your southern sisters who are already in the field in defense of their rights. We invite you to come out of the house of your enemies, and take a proud position in that of your friends and kindred. Come and be received as an elder brother. Come and give the aid of your advice in council and your arm in battle. And be assured that when you do come, as we know you will, at no distant day, the signal of your decision will send a thrill of joy vibrating through every southern heart.

JOHN S. CARLILE: Sir, we have heard these appeals, these

invitations. We must not be moved by sentiment alone. I come from the Western counties, and for them I speak. Virginia must, in the end, mediate this struggle, not inflame it. But meanwhile we must support the Government . . .

[He is interrupted by several voices.]

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE: Sir, will Virginia be found lending the sinews of war, and the prestige of her name, to enable the Northern states to execute a policy of coercion? Sir, for nations, as well as for individuals, there is something worse than death. . . .

A DELEGATE: Mr. President, the Committee from this body, appointed to wait upon the President at Washington, has returned.

[All eyes are turned to see Messrs. Preston, Stuart and Randolph.]

WILLIAM BALLARD PRESTON: Mr. President, your Committee has been detained by storms, but has at length seen the President, who has given, in writing, his answer to our message from the Convention. He says, not having seen occasion to change, it is now his purpose to pursue the course marked out in his Inaugural Address.

[There is a general and anxious movement on the part of the Delegates.]

The power confided in him will be used to hold the property and places belonging to the Government . . . He will, to the extent of his ability, repel force by force.

JOHN B. BALDWIN: Mr. President, it is clear that a crisis is before us. Another day, another hour may bring us to the need of some vital, some terrible decision. I move you, sir, that the Convention go into secret session, and that an oath be accordingly administered.

[*Seconds are heard.*]

JOHN JANNEY: You have heard the motion. Ayes.

[*There is almost a unanimous affirmative.*]

The Secretary will administer the oath.

THE SECRETARY: You do solemnly swear, in the presence of the Searcher of Hearts, that you will not reveal the proceedings of this Convention.

[*The Delegates stand and take the oath. The lights fade for a moment. Outside, there is a sound of confused shouting, as of a crowd receiving stirring news; the lights re-appear.*]

JOHN JANNEY: Gentlemen, Governor Letcher has a communication to make to the Convention.

GOVERNOR LETCHER: Gentlemen of the Convention, I have this day received from the Government at Washington, a call for troops. We are asked to furnish a quota in a call for seventy-five thousand men, for service against the Southern States.

JOHN TYLER: Mr. President, may we know from the Governor what answer is being made to the Government at Washington?

GOVERNOR LETCHER: I have telegraphed them: the militia of Virginia will not be furnished to the powers at Washington for any such use or purpose. Your object is to subjugate the Southern States, and a requisition made upon me for such an object . . . not within the purview of the Constitution, will not be complied with. You have chosen to inaugurate civil war. And having done so, we will meet you with a spirit as determined as the Administration has exhibited toward the South.

[*In the sensation of the moment, Mr. Janney gives up the chair to Mr. Robert L. Montague.*]

WILLIAM BALLARD PRESTON: Mr. President, Virginia has made her last effort. She can no longer remain in the Northern Union. I move you, sir, that this convention resolve upon an ordinance to repeal the ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, and to resume all the rights and powers granted under the said Constitution. And that this Ordinance take effect, and be an Act of this day, when it shall have been ratified by the votes of a majority of the people of the State.

ROBERT L. MONTAGUE: An Ordinance to repeal the ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, by the State of Virginia, and to resume all the rights and powers granted under said Constitution.

[The Delegates vote by standing.]

The ordinance is carried.

[Outside the sound of fifes and drums and the tramp of marching men can be heard; the Convention darkens for a moment, and we see, dimly, troops mustering in the distance. Then it is again light, and we see the Convention, Mr. Janney again in the chair.

Major General Lee is coming in, on the arm of Mr. Marmaduke Johnson. The Delegates stand to receive him.]

MARMADUKE JOHNSON: Mr. President, I have the honor to present to you and to the Convention, Major General Lee.

JOHN JANNEY: Major General Lee, in the name of the people of your native state, here represented, I bid you a cordial welcome to this hall, in which we may almost yet hear the echoes of the voices of the statesmen and soldiers . . . who have borne your name, and whose blood

flows in your veins. . . . Sir, we have, by unanimous vote, expressed our convictions that you are, at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, "first in war." When the Father of His Country made his last will and testament he gave his swords with an injunction that they should never be drawn from their scabbards except in defense of the rights and liberties of their country. . . . Your mother, Virginia, has placed her sword in your hand upon the implied condition that we know you will keep to the letter and in spirit, that you will draw it only in her defense, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than the object for which it was placed there, should fail.

[*Applause.*]

ROBERT E. LEE: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention. Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of this occasion, . . . I accept the position assigned me. . . . I would have much preferred had your choice fallen on an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw the sword.

[*The Convention disappears.*]

[*It is evening, and the stage is thronged with excited people—men of the Convention, soldiers, citizens of Richmond, ladies and a few children. They are singing with a will, and a band somewhere is playing Dixie.*

[*In the balcony at the right, illuminated as if from a light within, Jefferson Davis appears. The people cheer wildly. He raises his hand to speak.*]

JEFFERSON DAVIS: My friends and fellow citizens! I look upon you as the last and best hope of liberty. . . .

The cause in which we are engaged is the cause of the rights to which we were born, those for which our fathers of the revolution bled—the richest inheritance that ever fell to man, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit untarnished to our children. Upon us is devolved the high and holy responsibility of preserving the constitutional liberty of a free government. (*Cheers.*)

In these Confederate States we observe those relations that once described the United States—"distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea." (*Applause.*)

Upon every hill which overlooks Richmond you have, and will continue to have, armed camps, containing soldiers from every State in the Confederacy. The foot of the invader has been set upon the soil of old Virginia. There is not one son of the South who is not ready to die, or conquer, in this cause. . . . Pray God to crown them and our Southern Confederacy, with success. . . . Upon you rests the hopes of our people. And for myself let me say—to the last of my breath I am wholly yours.

[*In a tumult of cheering the scene vanishes.*]

NORFOLK NIGHT

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

From her wide harbor with the many ships,
Norfolk to-night sends greeting. And her people
Show you the ship that changed the wooden walls
Of old world navies into walls of steel.
Hark, in the night the hammers, ringing clear
On the first iron clad; and down the Roads,
The guns of the *Virginia's* maiden battle.

XIX

THE COMMISSIONING OF THE VIRGINIA.

The scene is on the Portsmouth dock where the Virginia is in construction. We hear first the hammers of the workmen, then the lights disclose the stern of the ship, where they are just bolting on the last sections of the armor shield.

On the shore, a group of young soldiers is in argument with an old sailor.]

FIRST SOLDIER: Come now, Jack—you're a sailor. You belong on a ship. Why don't you join?

THE SAILOR: You boys don't belong on a ship. What do you know about it?

SECOND SOLDIER: We may not know anything about ships, but we can serve a gun. That's what we're in it for. Shootin'.

THE SAILOR: Well there's more to it than shootin'.

THIRD SOLDIER: We know all that. Lieutenant Wood told us that when we signed. But he said he needed us, and we didn't have to know about ships. This ain't like any ship anybody ever saw before, anyhow.

THE SAILOR: No, she ain't.

FIRST SOLDIER: That don't matter. All we need to know is that she's the Virginia, and that she's going to fight. You might as well join on that same idea.

THE SAILOR: That shows how much you lubbers know. They call her the Virginia. And she's got a new iron top. But I know that ship. She's the Merrimac. She's been burned, and sunk. She's dead. You can raise a ship—but a ship that's dead—you can't bring her back to life.

SECOND SOLDIER: That's not our business, nor yours. We can fight her, though, dead or alive.

[*A Pilot comes loitering along the pier.*]

Besides, what's the matter with her?

THE SAILOR: What's the matter with her? Look at her. All iron on top. Now the nature of every thing that floats is to float heavy part down. She'll turn turtle—You'll see.

THIRD SOLDIER: Then we'll fight her upside down.

THE PILOT: I reckon you will, sonny. But I'm not sure of just one thing about this ship. I'm not dead sure there's water enough in the channel for her to roll over comfortable in.

FIRST SOLDIER: Well, ain't it your business to know if there's water in the channel.

THE PILOT; Yes. I've piloted this channel for nigh twenty years. But I'll never lay hand on the wheel of a crazy iron wreck like that yonder. Parrish can if he's that much of an idiot.

THIRD SOLDIER: Look here now, are you all afraid?

THE SAILOR: I won't say that. But I'm do damn fool.

FIRST SOLDIER: We know there's risk in it—Lieutenant Wood told us that. But this is a war, and it's all risk. Why should you fellows save your skins—

THE PILOT: While you suffocate in that iron cage, or go down with her. Just because somebody's lied to you.

SECOND SOLDIER: That'll do, now. Nobody's lied to us.

FIRST SOLDIER: Come along, boys, let's ship them aboard anyhow.

THE SAILOR: Don't you lay a hand one me. Don't you—

LIEUTENANT WOOD: [*as he enters, seeing the fight starting.*] There, boys, what's this?

THIRD SOLDIER: We can't be expected to stand what these fellows say about our ship, sir.

THE SAILOR: Your ship! You never seen a ship afore. You don't know what a ship is.

WOOD: Well, my man, you do, by the look of you. How long have you followed the sea?

THE SAILOR: Fifteen years, off and on.

WOOD: You're a Virginia man?

THE SAILOR: Right here in Norfolk, man and boy—

WOOD [*to the Pilot.*]: And you—you're a Virginian, too!

THE PILOT: Well, that depends what you want of me. I know this channel.

WOOD: And I know you. Now listen to me, both of you.

[*The Old Croaker and a few dockside loafers gather round him as he speaks.*]

This ship is not like any other that ever floated—or fought. She's new. And she's our only hope. If she works—if she fights, we can clear the rivers of the Yankees with her. We can save Norfolk—save Richmond. Maybe we can strike for the Potomac. *If she fights!* But if she fails, this town, and all the ports of Virginia will fall to the enemy. She can't fight without men. It's a chance we're taking, a glorious, new chance. I don't tell you we'll all come out of it alive. But she's sheathed with iron, and she's the strongest fighting machine afloat. Isn't it worth the chance? How is life worth more to you, signing on with us, or crawling around this dock and telling each other she'll never

float. You're a sailor—a Virginian. Which shall it be?

THE SAILOR [*with sudden resolve.*]: Damn it, sir, I'll sign on.

WOOD: And you?

THE PILOT: I'm not to be caught with that sort of bait.

THE OLD CROAKER [*speaking to his cronies.*]: I never thought he'd get that sailor. But he'll most likely drown anyhow—he might as well drown in glory.

[*Enters Commodore French Forrest. Lieutenant Wood approaches him.*]

COMMODORE FORREST: Well, Lieutenant Wood, how is the crew coming?

WOOD: I'm getting them, Commodore Forrest. We have nearly three hundred now.

COMMODORE FORREST: Sea faring men?

WOOD: No, sir, soldiers mainly. Anybody I could get.

COMMODORE FORREST: That's unfortunate, isn't it?

WOOD: They'll fight, sir.

[*Commodore Buchanan enters and salutes the other officers.*]

COMMODORE FORREST: Ah, Commodore Buchanan, I see your ship is progressing. When do you propose to try her under steam?

BUCHANAN: To-morrow, if the weather is fair. Steam's up now.

COMMODORE FORREST: So soon?

BUCHANAN: I believe we will be ready, sir. Here come my officers now.

[*Jones, Williamson, Brooke and Porter enter.*]

Good morning, gentlemen. How do you stand on the question of a trial trip for the Virginia to-morrow.

[They look at each other in some surprise.]

THE OLD CROAKER *[to his own group.]*: I hear they's goin' to take her out to-morrow. Better come down and watch her turn over.

PORTER: Her hull is as ready as we can make her, sir. She keeps out the water; but she'll draw twenty-two feet—maybe twenty-three aft.

THE OLD CROAKER: And they talk about fighting her in the rivers, where a scow'll ground in low tide.

BUCHANAN: Mr. Williamson, what about the engines?

WILLIAMSON: You know those old engines, sir. They never were worth the coal they burned. And a few months under sea water hasn't improved them. She should do five knots, sir. That is to say, while the engines last. We've done what we could with them.

BUCHANAN: Will she steer?

WILLIAMSON: God knows, sir.

THE OLD CROAKER: They're leaving a lot to God, 'pears to me.

BUCHANAN: Mr. Brooke, do you think her armor plates will shed metal?

BROOKE: We haven't had opportunity for the proper tests, but we're ready to chance it, sir. The Tredegar people have done the iron work well.

THE OLD CROAKER: The question about the iron is—will it shed water, when she flops over.

BUCHANAN: Are your guns ready, and manned, Mr. Jones?

JONES: Ready as we can be, sir. Few naval gunners to be had. We've gun crews from the army, but their spirit seems fine, sir.

[A midshipman brings a dispatch to Commodore Forrest, who tears it open.] . . .

FORREST: We are just too late, gentlemen. The Yankees have started up the river; four ships—among them the Cumberland and the Congress. If we could only have made the trial a few days earlier.

BUCHANAN: What's to be done, sir?

FORREST: What do you think, Commodore Buchanan?

BUCHANAN: I understand you. It's terrible risk for a crew, sir.

FORREST: I know that.

BUCHANAN: They must face it. We'll go, sir. Gentlemen, you say you are ready for the trial trip. Good. We'll make it to-day, now. And we'll make such a trial trip as no vessel every took before. Call your men to quarters. Steam up. We're going into battle with her, now. *[The officers stand amazed.]* We shall know, tonight, gentlemen, if she's sea-worthy.

THE OFFICERS: Aye, sir.

[They salute and scatter. Instantly the few soldiers and sailors on the dock swarm down the back. A gathering crowd of civilians, many of whom have been idly watching at the back, assemble to watch the vessel start. Commodore Forrest accompanies Commodore Buchanan up to the dock, shakes hands with him, and watches him go down to embark.]

Thick smokes pours from the smokestack; the Confederate flag appears at her peak. The ship's bells are heard. Very slowly the great bulk gets under way, the crowd on shore cheering.

The lights go down to night. Far in the distance the smoke and flare of burning ships and the sound of cannonade.

Another cheer, and a great flare of torches at the dock; the crowd, which has scattered, gathers again. The crew flock ashore, spent but flushed with victory.

From the side, Commodore Buchanan is brought in, wounded. From the ship, Lieutenant Catesby Jones. Commodore Forrest meets them.

COMMODORE FORREST: A victory, sir—a great victory. But you're wounded.

LIEUTENANT JONES: Wounded sir, when we took the the Cumberland and the Congress—yesterday.

COMMODORE FORREST: Who has fought the ship to-day?

LIEUTENANT JONES: I took command when Commodore Buchanan was hit, sir. We've fought the Monitor to-day; she's iron clad too, and it's been an iron fight.

COMMODORE FORREST: With what result, Lieutenant Jones?

LIEUTENANT JONES: She was too fast for us. We couldn't pursue her, sir.

[Commodore Buchanan sways as if about to fall; his men catch him, and the other officers move sympathetically toward him.]

COMMODORE BUCHANAN: Never mind, sir. Report it to Richmond.—she floats. . . .She fights. Report . . . the Virginia . . . victorious.

[The torches accompany him off, leaving the stage in darkness.]

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

Two years of war have passed. The dogwood blooms
And withers, in the Spring of sixty-three.
The armies stir, and the long Federal lines
Pour southward. . . .By a bivouac fire
Jackson and Lee's last council. Now the march,
The daring march, shadowed in leafy lanes,
Across the enemy's front begins. And now
The bugles, and the charge! The victory . . .
And the heart breaking price . . . of Chancellorsville.

XX.

CHANCELLORSVILLE

The entire scene is in pantomime. It begins in the night of May 1, 1863. By a small campfire, down at the left of the stage, General Lee is discovered. A few of his staff are sleeping on the ground around him. A courier enters from the left, reports, and goes out the way he came. From the right, General Jackson, on horseback, returning from a reconnaissance; the two Generals sit and confer together over the fire.

From the right, on horseback, General Stuart. He brings the information from Fitzhugh Lee, and Major Hotchkiss brings the map of the Furnace road. General Stuart, having given the information, returns to the right.

Lee and Jackson exchange a few words, Jackson suggesting a movement to the right; Lee questioning, Jackson answering; Lee agrees. Jackson mounts his horse and rides off to the left. Lee, mounting, waits.

Troops enter from the left, marching silently across to the right. Jackson, as they move, entering, salutes, again

exchanges a word or two with Lee, and rides out to the right with his column.

The lights disappear, coming on again, not as night but as the late afternoon of the next day.

Jackson's column, still entering from the left, is coming into final positions; all very quiet; the men lie down to await the word. General Jackson and General Rodes are at the centre; couriers come to them from left and right reporting the movement complete. Jackson gives the word to advance, and rides on. Rodes passes it to Blackford, the bugle sounds, and the men start forward. The bugle is answered instantly from left and right, the calls coming from a great distance. At the ridge at the back, the men fire a volley, and yelling charge down the bank and through the trees at left and right. The firing is heavy along the whole background. The centre apparently meets with heavy resistance for the moment, and the men are driven, backing and firing, up the slope again, and scattering over the forestage.

Over the back a small group of Federal uniforms can be seen and at the left, a cannon is brought hastily into place by the Confederates. Reinforcements pour in from the left, the Federals at centre are driven down the bank, and the whole force sweeps forward in another charge, as the lights fade to night. Zone by zone, the firing and the bugles sound farther and farther in the background as the great advance is made.

At the left, we see again General Lee's bivouac. He is aroused by the officer who brings him news of the victory; then another officer enters, reporting to him Jackson's fall. We see for a moment only his grief-stricken face; then darkness.

XXI

AFTER APPOMATTOX

THE MAGE OF THE TOWER

The Army of the cause your fathers held,
Virginians, as the cause of right and law,
Of conscience and the honor of the State,
Has come to its last field. Surrounded, starved,
Outnumbered beyond hope, with ceaseless battles
Blinded and broken, here is now the end.
And its illustrious leader, glorious still,
Signs its surrender, and the peace begins
The slow, still healing of a nation's riven heart.

The lights come up on an officer reading General Lee's farewell order to a great crowd of soldiers.]

THE OFFICER: After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last—

[The men become conscious that General Lee is approaching and turn from the reader to greet him. Seeing him coming the officer stops reading, knowing that his voice will be drowned in the cheers.]

The men crowd toward the General, but their shouts fail as they reach him. The cheer sinks to tears and silence. They surge around him, many with arms upraised; they try to touch him, or even to touch his horse. He moves among them slowly, a great love and a great sorrow in his forward-gazing eyes, and so at length passes out of sight, as the night gathers.]

Epilogue

THE FLAGS

CHORUS

Out of the struggle of old
She comes, proudly elate;
Out of the struggle, behold
Virginia, the State!

From the darkness appears a majestic figure of Virginia, flanked by other symbolic figures—Justice and Liberty, Learning and Faith. Her Herald, with a silver mace, stands at one side, and the bearer of her flag at the other. The group comes toward us, very stately in movement, and turns to greet successive groups coming from the right—the Crusaders. The first of these, representing the Confederacy, with the Confederate flag; the second, the veterans of the Spanish war, trailing a captured Spanish flag; the third, the men and women of the World War services. Each group, as it comes before her, after a trumpet call, cries out,

THE GROUPS

Hail! Virginia!

The first two groups pass on to the left. As the third comes into place, the lights illuminate a new figure, America, with the national flag, at center. She comes forward a few steps, and pauses.

Beyond the ridge at the back the sky is filled with the smoke and crimson flare of war. And along the ridge appear the figures of the Allied Nations—Belgium, France, Britain, Italy, Russia and Servia. The flags of Virginia and the Confederacy fall in be-

hind America as she joins the Allies, and with them sweeps down into the smoke and blaze, Virginia and her group waiting and waving them on. The music changes to a solemn strain, and all is dark.

THE REQUIEM

A light, like silvery moonlight, discloses a veiled and enthroned figure aloft at the centre. Below, at the right, Virginia and her group; at the left, the Crusaders, the World war groups first, then the Spanish, then the Confederacy. Between them, a veiled group of the Chorus of Women moves solemnly, rhythmically.

VIRGINIA

What of my sons who come not home?
Where lie they, soldier, they that fight no more?

THE CRUSADER

They marched with us, they camped with us; the fields
Of war on war have heard their bugles call.
They fought with us, and by our side they fell.

VIRGINIA

You have not spared your blood, nor I my tears.
They fell and rose no more?

THE CRUSADER

They rose to follow her. [*Indicating the enthroned figure.*]

VIRGINIA [*To the figure.*]

Who art thou?

DEATH

I am Death.

THE CHORUS OF WOMEN

O gleaner of the field of war,
How many brave—how many brave
Are fallen to thy harvest tide?
How many strong—how many strong
In hope and love, with thee abide,
O gleaner of the field of war?
O Gleaner Death, O Gleaner Death,
How many weep—how many weep
In all the lands these years of woe?
How many men—how many men
Have touched thy garment bending so,
And come not home—not home again—
O Gleaner Death—O Gleaner Death!

[The Chorus ceases, and from a distance, in the silence, comes the call of Taps.

Out of the Chorus, one figure stands momentarily dominant—the Mother.]

THE MOTHER

I sent him forth. 'Twas from me,
Before he came to birth,
That he learned the high clear call
To give himself and to pour his life
For a more triumphant earth.

I sent him forth to the strife.
'Twas done when he stood by my knee
And I taught him the loftiest names,
The singers and captains and heroes and saviors
Who died that the world might be free.

I sent him forth to his chance;
His life is gone like a breath;
But 'twas I that guidoned his lance,

(And I weep for the child I have lost,)
But the starry vision was mine that he followed
To meet with thee, Death.

THE CHORUS OF WOMEN

To her who has borne a son and given a son
What shall be spoken?
To the mothers of men,
Now the life that they gave is broken,
Is dead—
What shall be said—what shall be said?

DEATH

This mother who hath borne and reared a man,
And set the golden lamps before his soul,—
She understands.
I chose him, and who knows how many times
It shall be his to die to shape the world
More to the splendor of his soul's desire.
[*Again the call of Taps, more faintly.*]

A MAIDEN'S VOICE

His soul's desire—yet, ah—how warm his heart!

ANOTHER—A WIFE

How lone his grave beneath a foreign sky!

THE MOTHER

Death would not touch my brow instead of his.

THE MAIDEN

How still he lies that was so strong—how pale!

THE WIFE

How hollow now the world that was so rich.

THE MOTHER

Where turn we now—the onward path is lost.

THE CRUSADER

Cease ye from lamentation They who died
Have done their part. They asked no other end
Than to give all. The Spirit of the State
Traditioned in their blood from birth, led on.
They fell. And they sleep sound.

VIRGINIA

Maidens and mothers, spirits of tears and song,
Remember how they fell; and not your loss,
But the world's deep enrichment by their lives,
Shall lift your hearts to face the newer day.

*[Death rises majestically; the light begins to
change until at the end of Death's speech the
stage is flooded with a golden radiance.]*

DEATH

Hear me, ye women, and bear forth my word
To all who weep the brave Virginian dead.
Life, as ye know it, is a tented hour
That shelters you, and blinds you, from the sky.
From out the smoky darkness of this tent
My trumpets called these few—these golden few.
Out in the night they trooped, and looking up,
Saw, where I led them, all the zonèd stars,
Illimitable, filling the farthest skies
With fires that wheeled in glory everlasting.
They died well, and dying so, live on.
You call me Death, but I am more than Death.
I am the nourisher of liberties,
And in my change,
Which these have dared, is written all of fame,
All honor, and the wakening of the world
To Life-in-Glory—Man suffused in God!

*[The Chorus, flooded also with the golden
light, catches her exultation and lifts it in song.]*

THE CHORUS OF WOMEN

O Life-in-Glory! Ye that died to live,
Live on—O treaders of the pathway of the stars!
[*The lights fade, and the groups vanish.*]

FESTIVAL

In place at the left of the stage stands the Spirit of Richmond, attended by the cities and counties, and by a great group of dancers, the Festival group.

RICHMOND

Virginia, hail! All glorious mother, hail!
To-night in solemn festival we come
To hear again, and tell, and live again
Thy golden chronicle of greatness.
Take thou our homage, welcome, love. . . .
Mother of states, mother of men, rejoice.

CHORUS

Rejoice, O hills that bloom beneath the sun,
O rivers free and filled with spring, be glad,
And meadows break beneath the plow
To new fertilities. . . .
Out of the strife, a State!
Out of the storm, a star!
[*As the chorus is sung, Richmond and the attendant cities pass before Virginia, who is now on the steps of the central throne.*
[*From the right, America re-enters, with the flag and attendant group of States.*]

AMERICA

Virginia, here to-night, America
Salutes thee, measuring her boundless love
To the high deeds of thine immortal sons.
For what were I, lacking what thou hast given?
The dreaming spirits of the bitter years,
The legislators of the source and spring,

The firebrands blazing forth my liberty,
The wise, grave leaders shaping out my law,
And the high hearts who rode the fiery test,
All these have led me—
Trumpets and torches in the night of years.
And heartfully I do acknowledge all.

VIRGINIA

America, I answer thee, remembering,
And filled with ghostly glories. Yet I know
Even in the glow and beat of festival,
I stand midway: and all that I have given
Cries to the future for still richer gifts,
The light and leadership that have been mine
Lie like a solemn burden on my soul,
A vow I must redeem, a pledge of splendor
I may not let the future disavow.
And this high charge I give unto my children:
Forget not; fail not; shape the years to come
That those who gave us our great heritage
Shall not be shamed. Lift up your hearts, and live
Greatly, that the strong spirits of our mighty dead
May seem to live again in you, and sway,
Far in the future, equal destinies.

[To the sweep of the final chorus the Festival groups move forward, dancing; and in a great cheer and surge of salutation to the Spirit of Virginia, the Pageant vanishes.]

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